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FRANCE.

THE new Treaty between France and Germany, submitted to the French Assembly on Monday, is on the whole beneficial to France. The Germans do not give up much, but they give up something. Under previous arrangements no more money was to be paid until the 1st of March, 1874, and the six departments now occupied were to continue to be occupied until the same date. One hundred and twenty millions sterling with interest were to be then paid, and the Germans were forthwith to evacuate France. Under the new arrangement twenty millions sterling are to be paid within two months after the ratification of the Treaty, and two departments, comprising the finest parts of Champagne, are to be evacuated. Twenty millions sterling more are to be paid on the 1st of next February, and forty millions more on the 1st of March, 1874; and on eighty millions, or two milliards, being paid, two more departments, those of the Ardennes and the Vosges, are to be evacuated. The last forty millions sterling are to be paid, with all interest then due, on the 1st March, 1875, and then the last of the six occupied departments, those of the Meuse and the Meurthe, are to be evacuated, and Belfort is to be handed over. The main features of this new Treaty are therefore that by an immediate payment of twenty millions sterling, France can purchase the liberation of two departments, and she has a year more given her before she has to make a final settlement with Germany. Both these stipulations are beneficial to her. The French Government states that it has already at its command the funds necessary for the payment of the first half-milliard, and it is putting the money to a very good use if it can be made to procure the liberation of two departments. If the new loan is very successful, and the money subscribed for it is poured in quickly, the whole of the occupied territory may be released by the date originally fixed. The Germans are quite willing at any time to take their money and go away. But the new loan will be principally subscribed in France, and to call upon French subscribers to pay up in full by the beginning of 1874 might press very hardly on numbers of persons very ill fitted to bear the burden, and might seriously disarrange French industry. The French Government has therefore very wisely provided for the worst, and has secured a year of grace in case of need. If all the money can be got and paid over in eighteen months' time, the liberation of French territory will not be effected a day later, and may be effected earlier, than was contemplated by the Treaty of Frankfort. If difficulties arise and a longer time is wanted to get all the money, time is given in which to get it, while only two, instead of six, departments will be occupied. The French Government tried hard to obtain a further concession. They asked that in proportion as the area of occupation was diminished the numbers of the occupying army should be diminished also. But the Germans, for military reasons, would not agree to this. They insisted on being at liberty to keep fifty thousand men in France so long as they were in France at all. The new Treaty may therefore in one respect make the position of one portion of the French people worse. During the year of grace, the departments of the Meuse and Meurthe may have the whole army of occupation quartered on them. But the risk of their suffering in this way does not seriously impair the general advantages accruing to France from the arrangement, and there is every probability that the Assembly will ratify the Treaty almost without discussion. The main thing is to raise the new loan as quickly and on as favourable terms as possible. But in order to accomplish this, the appearance of a financial deficit for the current year must be avoided, and accordingly the whole at-

tention of the Assembly this week has been given to the discussion of the new taxes which unfortunately must be voted if the income of France is to balance its expenditure.

The Assembly at the end of last week confirmed its previous vote imposing a tax on mortgages, and passed in one sitting a Bill for taxing shares and bonds. It then came to the third of the taxes which constitute the project of the Budget Committee—the tax on business transactions. This tax is estimated to produce a revenue of seventy millions of francs, and it so happens that M. THIERS calculates that the taxes on raw materials will give, on the expiration of the Treaties with England and Belgium, sixty millions. It was natural therefore to compare one set of taxes with the other, but to do so it was necessary to examine whether the taxes on raw materials would, if voted, give anything like sixty millions. A Committee of the Assembly had reported first that only fifteen millions, and subsequently that only five millions, could be obtained at once from taxing raw materials; and it was of the utmost importance to know whether M. THIERS or the Committee was right. The discussion of the tax on business transactions was therefore interrupted that M. THIERS might enlighten the Assembly as to the grounds on which he took so very favourable an estimate of the probable proceeds of the taxes he so strongly recommends, and the Assembly has been mainly occupied this week in listening to his statements on the subject, and to the criticisms which his statements have evoked. Before, however, entering on details, M. THIERS indulged in a general denunciation of the Treaties of Commerce concluded under the Empire. This attack provoked M. ROUHER to defend them, which he did with much spirit; but the mere notion that he should dare to speak at all seemed to drive a large portion of the Assembly wild. There was the most intense excitement, and a general tumult and confusion prevailed. The Assembly behaved, in fact, very badly indeed, although it is not for Englishmen, fresh from the memory of the deplorable scene of the present Session when the House of Commons lost all sense of decency and self-respect in the amusement of hooting down Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, to be severe on the failures of foreign legislative bodies. Fortunately, while this war of passion was still raging in the Assembly, the moment came when the terms of the new Treaty had to be made known by the MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, and the interest of the subject and the chilling reminder of the presence and power of the foreigner in France sobered the Assembly and brought it to its senses. The next day M. THIERS justified his calculations in a long and elaborate speech, and then, with much good sense and good temper, some of the leading members of the Committee which had differed from him so widely urged the reasons which had led them to support an opposite view.

The details of the discussion were very complicated and minute, but the general points at issue are not very difficult to seize. The whole difference of opinion arose from varying interpretations of the several Treaties of Commerce by which France is bound. The Committee insisted that so long as the Treaties with England and Belgium are in force—that is, for eight months longer—scarcely anything at all can be got out of taxes on raw materials, and that, the real point being to get a sufficient revenue for the current expenses of the year, it is idle to have resort to taxes which during the year would be inoperative. Even after the Treaties with England and Belgium shall have expired, the Committee thinks that the other treaties by which France is bound would make such taxes very unproductive. However the Assembly may vote, which is a political rather than a financial question, the Committee appears to have had an incontestable victory in so far as arguments went. Let us, for example, take the instance of the proposed tax on

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cotton. M. THIERS said that it was perfectly open to France to tax at once Brazilian and American cotton, and this would yield a revenue of four millions and a half of francs. When the Treaty with England expires France will be able to tax Indian cotton, which will yield three and a half millions more, and a further two millions can be obtained as the pressure of other treaties is removed by negotiation or lapse of time. So he put the total proceeds of the tax at ten millions. The Committee replied that while the English Treaty subsists English manufactured cotton goods cannot be taxed, and that as English manufacturers would be buying American cotton duty free, they could make it impossible for French manufacturers paying the duty on American cotton to contend with them. During the months while the Treaty will still operate, they would deluge the French market with their goods, so that French manufacturers would not during the subsistence of the Treaty, and for some time after its cessation, be able to afford to buy taxed American cotton, and consequently no revenue would be derived from it. After the English Treaty has expired the Swiss Treaty, by which cotton thread may be introduced duty free, will remain in force, and cotton will thus find its way into France without the revenue being benefited. M. THIERS's reply was of the most singular kind. He stated that up to this time the cotton introduced from Switzerland was of the most limited amount, and that France, although weaker than she used to be, was still powerful enough to make herself respected, and that Switzerland must be told not to introduce more cotton than she has hitherto been accustomed to introduce. The Committee observed that, in the first place, the Treaty with Switzerland distinctly provided that the Swiss might introduce into France as much cotton thread as they pleased without France being at liberty to inquire from what country it came; and that, in the next place, Germany, who certainly is not to be bullied, had established the right of being treated on the footing of the most favoured nation, and would claim all that the Swiss could claim. Hereupon M. THIERS urged that the Treaties of Commerce provide that, if a tax is imposed on raw materials, a corresponding tax may be placed on the manufactured material. The Committee replied that it was impossible, under the existing treaties, to place a tax on all kinds of each description of raw material; for many of the treaties specify that some kinds shall be imported duty free, so that the countries benefiting by the treaties would never consent that a tax should be imposed on the manufactured article when a portion of the raw material came untaxed into the hands of French manufacturers. France, for example, is bound to admit Italian silk goods duty free. M. THIERS proposes to tax China and Japan raw silk, but not raw silk made in France. Italy would have a right to complain if France put a tax on Italian silk goods, when it taxed only a portion of the raw material. M. THIERS admits this, but his views as to Italy are as singular as his views as to Switzerland. In plain language, he offers to sell the Italians the alliance of France and to acquiesce in the destruction of the Temporal Power if they will enter into new commercial arrangements with him. The POPE will learn the real value attached to his blessings by the Eldest Daughter of the Church, when he hears that she is prepared to abandon him if his enemies will let her get a possibly increased revenue of about a hundred thousand pounds a year out of duties on silk. There really is no defence for the taxes on raw materials except that every other of the taxes proposed is open to grave objection, and certainly the tax on business transactions is almost as bad as could be devised. It is a great mistake to suppose that the financial difficulties of France have been overcome. More taxes must be imposed; those already imposed do not produce nearly what was anticipated, and the limits of defensible taxation have been reached. Before long the French may have to acknowledge what a great benefit it is to them to have a year more for their final settlement with Germany.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

IT is said that American journalists have the good sense to admit that their Government has exposed them to a severe rebuff at Geneva. The obnoxious claims might have been withdrawn with more dignity before they were condemned by the informal and unauthorised judgment of the Arbitrators. It is surprising that some able English writers appear to be equally dissatisfied. Their interpretation of the proceedings at Geneva, though it is sanctioned by the high authority of

Lord CAIRNS and of M. JOHN LEMOINE, seems nevertheless to be unsound; the supposed risk of an adverse decision was never incurred. If the Arbitrators had expressed a gratuitous opinion that the consequential claims were warranted by international law, the English agent would only have persisted in his refusal to proceed with the litigation until the claims were definitely withdrawn. The Arbitrators properly and expressly guarded themselves against the suspicion that they were professing to adjudicate on the terms of the Treaty and the scope of the reference. The agent of the United States might, if he had thought fit, have asked for a preliminary award on the extent of the reference, but he prudently took the offered opportunity of relieving himself from the intolerable burden of an absurd and unjust contention. The whole arrangement had probably been concerted between Mr. FISH and Mr. ADAMS; and there is no doubt that the PRESIDENT, in withdrawing the claims, was acting strictly within his constitutional powers. The Treaty which was ratified by the Senate necessarily assumed the right of the Executive Government of either country to conduct the litigation. Neither the American Case nor the future award can require or admit the ratification of the Senate. One English writer complains that the Americans have secured by their diplomatic obstinacy the Supplementary Article which happily proved abortive. There were strong objections to a document in which the abandonment of an iniquitous demand was made a subject of bargain; nor was it desirable that a new American rule of law should be foisted into the international code. If the Senate had not mistaken Lord GRANVILLE's conciliatory policy for weakness, the American Government would have secured a more decorous retreat from its untenable position. It was far more satisfactory that the claims should be withdrawn because they were flagrantly absurd. The fear that the Indirect Claims may be hereafter revived is altogether chimerical. The American nation is thoroughly ashamed of the sharp practice which has resulted in ignominious failure; and neither Mr. SUMNER who invented the claims, nor the PRESIDENT and SECRETARY of STATE who adopted them, will be thought to have earned public gratitude. According to the American contention, which has never been definitely retracted, the Indirect Claims were covered by the Treaty. It would seem to follow that they are finally extinct, since they have been disavowed by the litigant who advanced them. It is not probable that any English Minister would even discuss the question whether the demands should be revived or submitted to arbitration. The whole controversy is finally terminated.

The patient and steady persistence of the English Government in the determination by all possible methods to render the arbitration practicable has been justified by the result. The solution has been thoroughly honourable and satisfactory; and the Ministers may boast that after the commencement of the discussion, six months ago, they have never wavered in their determination to abide by the purpose which they originally announced. It is now impossible to ascertain whether they might have succeeded at an earlier period if they had made their intentions more clearly understood. As a general rule it may be said that eagerness in making a bargain is injudicious; but in this instance there was an incidental advantage in gaining time. The Americans had perhaps never clearly understood the monstrous character of the Indirect Claims until the Case had provoked unanimous indignation in England. From that time the conviction has been rapidly spreading that the Claims were indefensible; and the opinion announced in their non-official capacity by the Arbitrators had been previously held by the great majority of educated Americans. In tolerably enlightened communities the habitual appeals of politicians to ignorance and prejudice are often not only ineffective but damaging to those by whom they are preferred. Intelligent Americans resent the assumption of their representatives that they are either foolish or extortionate. The rabble will probably impute to General GRANT and Mr. FISH unworthy weakness in their dealings with England. More competent judges of their conduct will blame them, not for retreating at the last moment, but for persisting so long in an iniquitous demand. It may be hoped that their disapproval will extend to the rude and offensive manner of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's Case. In one of his despatches Mr. FISH professed regret that the reference to arbitration had been found necessary, because, as he suggested, instead of being an amicable settlement, the litigation would rather partake of the nature of a quarrel. In the English pleadings there is nothing which could give offence to the most sensitive opponent; but the framer of the American Case was as much bent on affronting his adversary as on supporting his own demands. The Arbitrators will assuredly not affect to decide whether Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord PALMERSTON,

and Lord RUSSELL were hypocrites and conspirators, nor will they inquire whether enthusiasm for the Federal cause may not have tempted Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT into rhetorical exaggeration. The alleged motives of English statesmen, and the feelings imputed to large classes of Englishmen, are not included in the reference to arbitration of the question whether the Government was, in the case of any cruiser, guilty of such negligence as to involve pecuniary liability. It may be supposed that lawyers selected by the Government of the United States to represent the country understand their business too well to have thought that imputations of insincerity and malignity could be relevant to the issue. In their choice of topics and illustrations, as in their assertion in the Case of the Indirect Claims, they consulted the feeling which they supposed to be popular. In the words of a journal devoted to the PRESIDENT, they framed an indictment against England when it was their duty and the interest of their clients to confine their attention to the subject-matter of arbitration.

It will be interesting to learn whether the defeat which has been sustained by the Washington Government will affect the chances of the Presidential election. General GRANT is responsible for the miscarriage of Mr. FISH's attempt at extortion, but, on the other hand, Mr. GREELEY has since the commencement of the discussion been one of the most pugnacious advocates of the Indirect Claims. It is not yet known whether the final and compulsory withdrawal of these claims will cause greater irritation than the original blunder of preferring untenable demands. Mr. GREELEY's advice has ultimately been followed, although the previous conduct of the negotiations had not commanded his approval. The orations which were delivered yesterday in all parts of the United States will perhaps, after due allowance for the necessities of eloquence, throw some light on the general state of feeling and opinion. There has seldom been a contest in which the best class of American citizens has felt so little desire to take part with either candidate. General GRANT's great military services have alone secured a partial condonation for his acknowledged failure as an administrator and politician. Some reaction in his favour has temporarily followed the peevish extravagance of Mr. SUMNER's elaborate denunciation of the nepotism and corruption which he attributes to the PRESIDENT; but in America, as in Europe, enemies select for attack not the strongest, but the weakest, points in the character of an adversary. It is not denied that General GRANT has yielded to the amiable weakness of promoting an extraordinary number of persons connected with himself by blood or by marriage; and he has also been singularly unlucky in the conduct of his official kindred. Family jobs are in all countries regarded with a certain tenderness, but only on the implied condition that some attention shall be paid to character and fitness. General GRANT has also surrounded himself with the most notorious and unprincipled political managers; and even those who are most ready to excuse the PRESIDENT's errors of judgment hesitate to rely on the public virtue of Mr. CAMERON or Colonel FORNEY. The great majority of upright politicians of the most intelligent class would have welcomed the nomination of Mr. ADAMS at Cincinnati, in the hope that a statesman and a gentleman would use the powers of the Presidential office for the purpose of elevating the moral and political standard of government; but those who are tired of primary Assemblies and packed Conventions are utterly disappointed by the selection of Mr. GREELEY as the antagonist of General GRANT. The orthodox Republicans at Philadelphia have thought it judicious to pledge themselves to a policy of Protection; and it would evidently have been for the interest of the independent section of the party to profess sounder economic doctrines. Mr. GREELEY, though he is for the present ready to waive his opinions for the chance of election, is the most bigoted and obstinate supporter of the worst forms of Protection. His foreign policy is a blank, except that he has always shared the animosity of the American vulgar against England; and until lately he has systematically opposed the reform of the Civil Service. A President elected by lot would command as much confidence as either General GRANT or Mr. GREELEY.

THE COST OF LIVING.

THE rapid increase in the cost of labour and of many articles of consumption tends to produce great social changes. The causes of the general rise of prices, though they are difficult to ascertain or apportion, are for the most part natural, and therefore irresistible. Even where scarcity of production or lavishness of consumption results from moral

or social habits, it would be a waste of time to preach against idleness and luxury. The growing pressure on income may be partly attributed to the multiplication of artificial wants; but unusual strength of character is required to resist the tendency of custom. At the present time the expenditure of a family in almost any rank is one-third greater than it would have been forty years ago; but in 1832 as in 1872 the great majority conformed implicitly to the prevailing fashion. The rise of prices, which is but indirectly connected with the spread of luxury, has lately recalled the attention of economic writers to the supply of gold. Several years have passed since M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, in a pamphlet which was translated into English by Mr. COBDEN, foretold an early and enormous depreciation of the standard of value. Both writers admitted that the effect of the gold discoveries had then been comparatively trifling; but M. CHEVALIER maintained that the substitution of gold for silver in the French currency had operated as a parachute, and that, as soon as the wants of France were fully supplied, a sudden catastrophe would ensue. The prediction of a violent change has not been accomplished; but within the last two years the rate of alteration in prices has been visibly accelerated. Coincidentally with a great advance in commercial prosperity, almost every commodity has become dearer; and the increase is greatest in the prices of coal and iron, which are important elements in the cost of every branch of production. It appears from the statements of Mr. THOMSON HANKY, confirmed by the authority of the *Economist*, that the coinage of gold since 1848 has been about equal to the entire stock which then existed in the world. When allowance is made for waste and recoinage, the entire amount of gold coin may probably have increased in four-and-twenty years by sixty per cent. The statistical tables published in an instructive article in the *Economist* show that within three years the annual rate of coinage has been reduced by one-half. It may be inferred that the previous supply had exceeded the demand; and probably the abundance of gold may in a great measure account for the recent rise of prices.

The simultaneous increase of the cost of living and of the demand for labour fully accounts for the rise of wages, whether it has been effected by voluntary concession or through the machinery of strikes. In some branches of industry, and especially in the business of coal-mining, the rise of wages, having greatly exceeded the increased price of the necessities of life, has incidentally become the principal cause of an abnormal dearth. In many districts, including the great Scottish coal-fields, it has been found that the efficiency of labour varies inversely with the rate of wages. The collier, like the West Indian negro, has proposed to himself a certain standard of comfort, with which he is for the present contented. Instead of earning more at the higher rate of wages, he prefers to secure his former income by a diminished amount of work. The coal-owners have in consequence been in many instances unable to accept orders, or to profit to the full extent by the extraordinary activity of the iron trade; but they have consoled themselves by adding to their prices a percentage which will probably compensate for their losses and disappointments. It is asserted on doubtful authority that in some of the English coal districts the colliers have begun to keep hunters; and it would be well if the rumour were even approximately true. When a collier appears at the coverside, he will at last convert into a living reality the imaginary Conservative working-man. For the present the dignity and pleasure of labour are but imperfectly appreciated by those who practically know what labour means. The most valued right of work is the right to be idle as soon as the indispensable means of subsistence are earned. It would be unjust and arrogant to censure miners for preferring ordinary human inclinations to the fine sentiments which are frequently uttered on their behalf. Skilled artisans in their combinations against their employers aim at increase both of income and leisure, though their traditional customs and their modern theories disincline them to those habits of saving which would facilitate the transition of the successful members of their body into the middle class.

Except in cases where the improvement of mechanism provides a substitute for manual labour, the cost of production in all departments may be expected to increase. Though the excessive percentage which has since the autumn been added to the price of coal and iron may be exceptional and temporary, coal will necessarily become more costly to raise as the upper seams are exhausted; and iron depends upon coal. Whatever may be the result of the strike in the building trade, nails, bolts, girders, and tools will become dearer; and the unprecedented activity of the ship-builders' yards can scarcely

fail to receive a check. It is already stated that, although iron-workers of every description are now fully employed, new orders are slow in coming in, and all the signs which indicate a future collapse of commercial prosperity are offering, as on many former occasions, an unheeded warning. It is possible that America and France may at some future time learn the first principles of political economy, to the great detriment of the competitor whose rivalry they gratuitously foster; but if the industrial prosperity of England, in spite of periodical checks and reverses, on the whole continues and increases, the possessors of fixed incomes will, instead of sharing in the benefit, constantly become poorer. The gold by which their property is measured will purchase less and less, because bullion will be more abundant, because labour will be scantier, and because coal will lie deeper in the ground. Taxation, as far as it is required for the payment of interest on debt, will become lighter, and Civil Servants, although they may obtain some advance of nominal pay, will probably not find that their incomes keep pace with their expenses. Annuitants, fund-holders, debenture-holders, and mortgagees, or rather the poorer and more helpless of their number, will suffer, because they will be less able to transfer their investments. Tithe-owners, under the provisions of the Commutation Act, occupy an exceptional position, which is shared in some parts of the country by landowners who have granted leases on corn rents. The tithe charge is annually readjusted according to the prices, on an average of seven years, of the three kinds of grain in ordinary use. The tithe-owners are therefore unaffected by the depreciation of gold; but it happens that corn also has become cheaper in even a larger ratio than gold, and that the price is more likely to diminish than to increase, as fresh lands are brought into cultivation in America and Eastern Europe.

Customary incomes, as well as fixed incomes, though they admit of augmentation, generally lag behind the growth of industrial wealth. It is difficult for professional practitioners as a body to increase the rate of the fees by which they are paid, although a fashionable doctor or a successful advocate may prepare the way for a general advance by judiciously increasing his demands. On the whole, a depreciation of the circulating medium tends to increase the collective wealth of the community by favouring productive debtors at the expense of consuming creditors, although it tends to impoverish still further a class which can ill bear reduction of its means. The advance in the value of land may perhaps tend in the opposite direction, as far as it accrues to the benefit of the non-productive owner; but the bulk of the profit will be realized by the occupier, because rents rise slowly and at distant intervals. Although it might perhaps be inexpedient, even if it were possible, to resist the impending economic changes, any casual delay will be not unwelcome, as it may give time for society to adjust itself to altered conditions. The probable resumption of specie payments by the United States will create a large demand of gold for coinage and circulation, which may perhaps absorb the produce of the gold-fields for two or three years. On the other hand, improvements in the machinery of credit are constantly rendering coin less necessary for the conduct of trade, as when hundreds of millions are paid at the Clearing House, not only without the use of coin, but by mere entries in books. If Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's plan of crossing bank-notes is adopted and found useful, another reason will be furnished for preferring paper to gold. The depreciation of the currency operates as a tax on all accumulations which are not invested either in some material property, such as land or mines, or in reproductive undertakings. The tendency of the change would therefore seem to be favourable to capitalists and artisans, but it will cause much social discomfort and disturbance. It is highly probable that the working classes may, as their wages increase, prefer additional leisure to the mere addition to their income which they can command at their choice. Nearly all the economic changes which are impending are likely to tend to the disadvantage of the consumer.

THE BALLOT BILL IN THE COMMONS.

AS the Government had decided to treat the amendments of the Lords to the Ballot Bill in a temperate spirit, and to make as many concessions as possible, there was no excitement and little interest awakened when the Bill once more came before the Commons. It was like flogging a dead horse to revive the old question whether the country wished for the Bill; but Mr. DISRAELI rather exceeded the ordinary laxity of careless assertion when he expressed a belief that if the Govern-

ment had not got into a scrape with regard to the Washington Treaty, the Bill would not have been heard of this Session. The Government stood pledged at the end of last Session to make the Ballot Bill their foremost measure for this Session; they renewed the pledge every time last autumn when opportunity offered, and they did not lose a day in bringing in the Bill this year. Mr. GLADSTONE happily and gracefully seized the occasion of this irrelevant obtrusion of the Washington Treaty to pay Mr. DISRAELI a well-deserved compliment on the prudence and reticence which he has shown with regard to the late difficulties with America at times when he might have done great harm even by legitimate criticism. Almost for the first time this Session Mr. DISRAELI spoke generally on the Ballot, and he even endeavoured to say something on behalf of the optional Ballot invented by the Lords. As, however, arguments in favour of the scheme were hopeless, he was obliged to have recourse to a transparent statistical fallacy. Out of a hundred men who marry, twenty cannot write; and Mr. DISRAELI amused himself with seeing whether he could persuade his hearers to leap to the conclusion that marriage and voting stood on the same footing, and that out of every five electors there would be one who, being unable to read, would be allowed to vote openly. Mr. GLADSTONE knew that the statement was not put forward as a serious argument, and he therefore only paused for a moment in his reply to observe that out of illiterate persons who marry very few have votes. In order to fall in as much as possible with the wishes of the Lords, the Government very wisely decided to accept the proposal to make a scrutiny possible. But they recurred to the scheme which they adopted three years ago, and which the Duke of RICHMOND had entirely spoiled while professing to ask for nothing except what the Government had themselves proposed. The safeguards by which the scheme of the Government is accompanied remove all, or almost all, the objections to which the crude and undigested proposal of the Duke of RICHMOND lay so obviously open. Not only is the number of the ballot-paper to be on its back, but the counterfoils are to be sealed up before the voting begins; the votes are to be counted without the back being displayed, and any agent striving to obtain during the counting of the votes information as to the manner in which the voter has voted, is to be liable to a personal penalty. With these precautions the machinery for a scrutiny may be established so as to prevent the voter having any fear of his vote being known. His safety does not, however, lie in the fact that it is only by order of a tribunal that the voting-papers and the counterfoils will be examined. He must have been pronounced guilty of personation before the mode in which he has voted will be inquired into, and the real voter could have nothing to fear from the scrutiny itself. The danger to which he was exposed lay in the risk of an agent who distrusted him being enabled, by abuse of the machinery designed for a scrutiny, to ascertain how he had voted. This danger as the Bill came from the Lords was a real and serious one; but so many safeguards against it have now been introduced that the voter practically will run no risk at all. It is possible he may think he will run a risk; for agents and officials, if they acted together and evaded the law, could find out how he voted; and he may be prompted by too deep a distrust of a class above him to think that if they could do a wrong they would be sure to do it. Some electors will therefore possibly not be quite as much at their ease when they vote as if a scrutiny had been rendered impossible; but the advantage of doing something to check personation largely outweighs the disadvantage of a few timid and distrustful men being prevented by imaginary fears from exercising the right of voting.

The Lords have got their wish for a scrutiny carried out, and they may be, we hope, trusted not to insist on the irrational scheme of an optional Ballot, which even in the Upper House was only carried by a small majority, and was rejected by the Commons without a division. These two main points being arranged, the other matters at issue between the Houses are of very trivial importance. The Government, indeed, offered to concede more than the House of Commons would allow them to concede. Mr. FORSTER proposed that the House should accept the amendment forbidding schools to be used as polling places; but the House by an overwhelming majority insisted on the amendment being rejected. The division was not in any sense a party one. County members are afraid of the increasing expense of county elections, and as the use of the schools would lessen the expense, they will not give up one mode of getting into Parliament as cheaply as possible. There is much to be said against the use of schools as polling places, and the principal argument in favour of

using them is that elections do not come often enough to do much harm to the schools. But what may be expected to weigh with the leaders of the majority in the Lords is that to insist on these amendments would be exceedingly distasteful to a great number of their friends in the Commons, and the same may be said of the amendment providing for polling places within two instead of four miles of a given number of electors. This is another mode of adding to the cost of county elections, and as the great majority of county members are Conservatives, the Lords may be trusted to attend to their wishes for as much cheapness as is practicable. The House also refused to accept the amendment providing for the closing of the poll at different hours at different seasons of the year. The balance of argument is strongly against the proposal, and no speaker in the Commons attempted to meet the objection that elections held in the months of the short hours would never be regarded as fair by the working classes. But this was not really an amendment made by the Lords. The proposal of Lord SHAFTESBURY, extending the hours of polling to a uniform limit, was carried by a surprise against which the Conservative leaders protested, and then the Government substituted a totally different proposal of their own, which they had in vain tried to carry in the Commons, and which the Lords accepted without discussion. The Government, in accepting this amendment, was really trying to have its own way in the Commons against the wishes of the House, and the House very properly declined to be the victim of the manoeuvre. Another amendment of the Lords, that which provides that declarations of incapacity to read shall be made to the presiding officer and not to a magistrate, was also rejected by the House, and the Government proposed its rejection. If the convenience of the voter was the only thing to be attended to, no doubt it would be far more convenient to him to make his declaration to a person present at the place where he had to vote, and the nuisance of going before a magistrate will be so great to poor people that many of them will prefer not to vote. But the open voting of illiterate people is liable to so much abuse, that it is perhaps necessary to make the process in some degree disagreeable and inconvenient to them.

On all these small points the Lords cannot much care to insist on their amendments, nor, if they did, would their insistence do much harm. But there is one more amendment to be noticed, as to which it is very difficult to say whether the Lords will do best by giving way or by not giving way. This is the amendment providing that the Act shall only be in force for eight years. Mr. GLADSTONE argued against the amendment, principally on the ground that the Commons had done their very best to make the Bill a good Bill, and that there was no reason to suppose that it would be anything but a waste of time for a future House of Commons to have to go over all the same ground again. But this was to miss the real point at issue. The reason for limiting the time for the operation of the Bill is not the doubt whether this Ballot Bill is a good Ballot Bill, but the doubt whether any Ballot Bill ought to be always in force. The uncertainty as to how the Bill will practically work is not perhaps a sufficient reason for making it temporary. If its machinery is bad, its machinery should be amended as experience might suggest; or if it should turn out a total failure, it should be definitely and entirely abandoned as soon as the failure became notorious. Nor can it be said that there is any precedent for making such a Bill temporary which exactly meets the case. The Corrupt Practices Act, by which the House of Commons handed its right of deciding election petitions over to the Judges, does not offer a parallel. That was confessedly an experiment operating on a very limited scale, and was never at all made a party question. And the general objection to making Acts temporary, that the limitation affixes a kind of stigma on the measure, and makes men less ready to obey and acquiesce in the law, is very strong. If the Conservative peers got into the habit of limiting the time during which measures they disliked were to be in force, they would give a stamp of feebleness and vagueness to legislation which would be very much to be regretted; and if a Parliament thinks a measure a good one, it ought not to impose on a future Parliament the task of discussing whether the measure was not after all a bad one. The existing Parliament ought to do its work, and leave future Parliaments to keep it in force or to undo it as they may think fit. But, on the other hand, it may fairly be said that the Ballot is an exceptional measure. The vast majority of the supporters of the Ballot allow that open voting is in itself the best mode of voting. Painful circumstances compel us to give up the best to take the second best. If

there were no intimidation and no bribery, the Ballot Bill would be a foolish mode of disheartening, perplexing, or discouraging honest men. To make the Ballot Bill temporary might therefore be regarded as a legitimate mode of declaring that Parliament, while agreeing that the Ballot is, like conscription in time of war, a necessity for the moment, does not give up the hope that in time it may no longer be a necessity. Whichever way the Lords decide the point, the Commons may be content to accept their decision rather than run any risk of sacrificing the Bill.

MR. MIALI'S MOTION.

THE change in the form of Mr. MIALI'S motion was an unintentional admission that the task which he has proposed to himself is more formidable than he at first thought. He has abandoned the idea of carrying the Established Church by assault. A politician who looks forward to a long series of annual debates is naturally anxious to give them some variety of form. Without this the tale of defeat becomes too monotonous. Every one knows on which side every one else is going to vote, and—allowance being made for accidents and the Parliamentary death-rate—the same division list reappears year after year. A difference in the immediate object of the motion ensures at all events some little speculation as to the extent to which the change will influence the result. Recruits occasionally come in from unexpected quarters, and though the gain when it is expressed in actual figures may be small, it yields in prospect a disproportionate amount of encouragement. This, it must be supposed, is the reason why Mr. MIALI has substituted a motion for inquiry into the revenues of the Established Church for a direct motion in favour of disestablishment. Inquiry is a word of so much milder import than disestablishment that he probably hoped to catch the class of men who are attracted by anything in the nature of a compromise. From any other point of view it must be held to have weakened his case. Technically, of course, inquiry may be simply a prelude to abolition; but it is so much oftener a prelude to reform and re-arrangement that the world has come insensibly to associate it with the gentler mode of treatment. Mr. MIALI was guilty, therefore, of the absurdity of asking for a stone when he wanted bread. If he had obtained the inquiry contemplated in his motion he would have been no nearer his object. Supposing that Parliament were supplied, by means of a Royal Commission, with full and accurate particulars of the origin, nature, amount, and application of any property and revenues appropriated to the use of the Church of England, how would the cause of disestablishment be the better for it? The difference of opinion between Mr. MIALI and the majority of the House of Commons would remain just where it is. Both sides would know a little more accurately than they do now what is the value of the endowments appropriated to the use of the Church of England, but this knowledge would not change their opinion of the propriety of the appropriation. When a question like disestablishment really presses for settlement, the precise magnitude of the pecuniary interests involved is one of the least important elements in the problem. It hardly formed an element at all in the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The principles which ought to govern the division of endowments into public and private, and the retention of the latter by the disestablished Church, had to be laid down; but when this was done, the remaining work was the business of Commissioners and actuaries. Indeed Mr. MIALI would not be content to stand by the result of the inquiry which he suggested. No amount of evidence that the financial arrangements of the Established Church are characterized by wisdom, purity, regularity, and economy would induce Mr. MIALI to cease from attacking them. He seems to think that he has landed the supporters of the Established Church in a dilemma when he tells them that they ought not to shrink from any information being given which would enlighten the misinformed and misguided opponents of their system. He forgets that they may turn round on him with the question, Is it a subject upon which you are open to enlightenment? If it could be proved that there were no abuses in the administration or distribution of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country, would you be any more ready than you are now to leave them in the hands of their present possessors? Mr. MIALI described himself as at a loss to conceive what the real objection to his motion could be. The answer is, that it is a motion from which no advantage could accrue to anybody. Such an inquiry as Mr. MIALI speaks of is superfluous if the Established Church is to be

maintained, and equally superfluous if it is to be abolished. Considered as the first step towards disestablishment, it must be set down as a step which does not carry those who take it any further than they have already gone. Considered as a first step towards a large measure of reformation, it is open to precisely the same criticism. It could have benefited no single person except the paid officers of the Commission.

Mr. LEATHAM's speech on seconding the motion altogether threw over its supposed object. So far as appeared from his arguments, he has no wish to disestablish the Church of England; his ambition stops short at the disestablishment of the Cathedral Chapters. It is not difficult, even without ignoring all that has been done in the way of improvement, and speaking as far as possible of aggregate rather than individual incomes, to make out a case for Cathedral reform. The objections to Mr. LEATHAM's mode of reasoning are that the inquiry which he asked for has been already held, and that the exaggeration which characterized his charges is exactly calculated to prevent any use being made of the information which is already available. When the Cathedral question is described as being "as ugly and urgent as ever," attention is naturally diverted from the real changes which the Cathedral system requires to the conspicuous injustice of this mode of attacking it. It is an abuse of language to describe the "Cathedral question" as either ugly or urgent. In the sense which is usually given to these words it is neither the one nor the other. There are few or no glaring abuses to be corrected; all that is required is that the latent usefulness of the Cathedral system should be better drawn out. If Mr. LEATHAM will take the trouble to construct a plan for effecting this object, he will probably find that it is not quite so easy as he supposes to reconcile the conflicting claims of past services and present usefulness. Perhaps he would adopt the rough and ready expedient of confiscating the entire body of capitular property for the benefit of the parochial clergy, by which means, as he told the House of Commons, no less than 5,000 poor parishes might be endowed with 50*l.* a year each. A more ingenious expedient for frittering away money could hardly be devised. The endowment in each case is carefully fixed at an amount which would leave the incumbents of the parishes in question very little better off than they are now, while at the same time this scarcely appreciable increase of income is obtained by the confiscation of all the posts which there are to be given as a reward for service done to the Church. Mr. LEATHAM appears to be under the impression that canonries are, as a rule, in the gift of private patrons. If his zeal for obtaining information had allowed him to make use of information already obtained, a reference to the Clergy List would have informed him that they are virtually divided between the Crown and the bishops. Of neither of these patrons can it now be said with any truth that they "would prefer their 'own kindred to men of learning, young or old.'" Mr. LEATHAM may think that this or that appointment has been made on insufficient grounds, but he will rarely find an instance in which appointments are made on other than public grounds. In so miscellaneous a body as the Church of England there will often be great difference of opinion as to the qualifications for promotion; but neither the Crown nor the bishops are likely to set public opinion at defiance by promoting men of no qualifications at all.

Mr. MIALl must be convinced probably by this time that he has been premature in committing himself never again to let the question of disestablishment drop. No doubt there is a stage in which questions are distinctly helped forward by being insisted on in season and out of season. It was only natural perhaps after the unexpected ease with which the disestablishment of the Irish Church was effected, for Mr. MIALl to think that the disestablishment of the Church of England had advanced to this degree of prominence. It is pretty evident by this time that the number of persons who care very strongly about Mr. MIALl's motion is extremely small, and there are no signs that it is increasing. The cause of disestablishment may possibly gain an unexpected impulse from events inside the Church of England; but in the absence of some help of this kind there is no probability of its speedily losing that debating-society character which Mr. GLADSTONE rightly attributed to it. Mr. MIALl and his friends rely on some supposed sympathy between the English public and the general movement of European thought. In this respect, at all events, we believe Mr. DISRAELI to be right when he says that the English people are national rather than cosmopolitan.

SEÑOR CASTELAR ON REPUBLICANISM.

AN Essay by Señor CASTELAR on the Republican Movement in Europe, published in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, scarcely rewards the curiosity which it excites. The author is the most eloquent member of the Cortes, and he may be considered the leader of the Republican party in Spain; but like many orators, he seems scarcely to rise above mediocrity as a writer, although it would be unfair to judge of his style from a translation. A new contribution to current Republican literature is only interesting when it proceeds from a practical politician who may be supposed to represent a party. It is desirable to understand Spanish theories about universal Republicanism, so far as they illustrate the opinions and designs of Republicans in Spain. Señor CASTELAR's treatise is less ambitious than his title, as he confines himself exclusively to the modern history of France. Like other Continental writers of the same school, he has formed his opinions on a French model, and he adopts many of the commonplaces which have been invented in honour of the various revolutionary sects. Though he is not an admirer of ROBESPIERRE, he is deeply impressed with the achievements of the Convention, and he complacently adopts MICHELET's absurd division of history into the two periods before and after 1789. As might be expected, Señor CASTELAR attributes the fall of the three dynasties which have reigned in France during the present century, not to their own mistakes or to casual events, but to the extinction of the ideas or doctrines which they are respectively supposed to represent. It is useless to suggest to a modern theorist that CHARLES X.'s folly, LOUIS-PHILIPPE's unseasonable timidity, and the insane German war which was commenced by NAPOLEON III., probably changed the whole course of history. It was perfectly possible that either the legitimate Kings or the House of ORLEANS might have perpetuated their rule; and the late EMPEROR visibly and wilfully committed political suicide. The passion for abstract substantives is common to all French political writers, and to Spaniards or Italians who have derived their education and faith from France. A prudent King like LEOPOLD of Belgium, or a great Minister of the type of CAVOUR and BISMARCK, continually falsify the fine phrases which purport to prove the impossibility of their existence. It may be true or false that, as Señor CASTELAR asserts, M. THIERS is an eclectic in philosophy. It is more to the purpose that he happens to be the only celebrated man in France; and that he has consequently and wisely been selected to procure the evacuation of the conquered territory by the German army. In an interval of independent and original thought Señor CASTELAR happily illustrates the tendency of theory and rhetoric, or, as he calls it, of Utopia, to paralyse attempts to obtain liberty. The usurpation of LOUIS NAPOLEON was in his judgment rendered possible by the belief of the multitude that the members of the Assembly were not opposing the violation of law and right, but contending for their own pittance of salary.

If there is anything new still to be said about Jacobins and Girondists, or about the Commune of 1871, Señor CASTELAR has not said it. At one time he appears to be an admirer of COMTE, at another of DANTON; but the principal lesson which he deduces from a sketch of revolutionary history is that the boasted indivisibility of the French Republic has been the chief cause of its weakness. Lecturers on the so-called philosophy of history, like conjurors who make gold out of brass, necessarily in the first instance put into the crucible the conclusions which they afterwards carefully extract. As there never was a Federal Republic in France, it is obvious that French history can at the most only illustrate the proposition that, because centralization has failed, a federal organization might possibly have succeeded. The Girondists, who until the Paris rebellion of last year were the only French advocates of a kind of federalism, were the silliest and most unscrupulous of the many factions which have at different times contended for supremacy. The fanatics who lately proposed that every parish in France should be independent will not be regarded as high authority for the doctrines of Señor CASTELAR.

It is probable that while he is professedly speaking of France he thinks only of Spain. He may perhaps have written his Essay on French Republicanism solely for the purpose of obtaining a hearing on a subject with which he is more familiar. To English readers an exposition of the policy of his own party, or an inquiry into the political condition of his country, would have been infinitely more novel and more instructive than a reproduction of the well-known revolutionary formulas. It is something to learn that Señor CASTELAR sympathizes with the indigenous love of provincial

independence rather than with imported Jacobinism. There is reason to fear that by a section of his political allies he would be denounced as a reactionary aristocrat, because he plainly professes his desire to maintain the institution of property. He deserves credit for recognizing the truth, which is admitted by many French advocates of socialistic doctrines, that the organization of labour and the prohibition of private ownership inevitably involve absolute government. It is possible that there may be more suitable materials in Spain than in France for the federal system which Señor CASTELAR would borrow from America, as he appears, like the majority of Continental Liberals, to be utterly unacquainted with English institutions. Whenever the Republican party attempts to possess itself of supreme power in Spain, it will necessarily for aggression and for defence concentrate all authority in the hands of a President or an Assembly. Señor CASTELAR disapproves of Presidents because they tend to transform themselves into Kings, and of sovereign Assemblies as leading more circuitously to a state of things which he describes as a Parliamentary dictatorship. Unless he separates himself from his party, he will be compelled to waive his objection to a central Government nominated by universal suffrage.

The Republican leaders at Madrid, encouraged perhaps by the Carlist insurrection and by the manifestoes of the Duke of MONTPENSIER and of the partisans of Prince ALFONSO, have formally announced their determination never to recognize any Monarchy which may be established in Spain. If Señor CASTELAR wishes to teach his political allies the very rudiments of freedom, he ought to inform them that England and America enjoy liberty, not because power is divided between provincial and central functionaries and assemblies, but because all parties have agreed to submit to the majority, or to the Government of the day. Nothing can be more unwise than the determination to form in perpetual succession a set of political non-jurors in default of obtaining a supremacy which would in turn be disputed by some other body of seceders. The Senators, Deputies, and Generals who have signed the paper in favour of Prince ALFONSO retain sufficient sense of decency to declare that they will not take any active steps to overthrow the existing dynasty. The Republicans openly avow, not merely their enmity to the Constitution, but their resolution to secure the triumph of their doctrine whether it is acceptable or odious to the community at large. Martyrs and implacable confessors are wholly out of place in constitutional and political struggles.

There is every reason to suspect that the Spanish Republicans are divided among themselves by differences which go far deeper than the distinction between a limited Monarchy and an orderly Republic. The members of the International would tolerate CASTELAR as little as SAGASTA or King AMADEO if he persists in defending property, and in holding that co-operation offers the best chance of social and economic improvement to working-men. The Federal Republic would, at least in many parts of the country, offer little impediment to confiscation. Soon after the Revolution of 1868 several local Juntas celebrated the establishment of provincial independence by dividing among their members or supporters the property of the wealthier inhabitants. As the owners of personality or of land would probably not allow themselves to be despoiled without resistance, the Federal Republic would commence in the midst of civil war, or rather of a series of civil wars. The first resort of the victims of Republican plunder would be to some vigorous soldier who would not trouble himself with theories of united or of federalized Republics. The elections have shown that the moderate parties command a large numerical majority, and it is probable that their forces would also be better organized. The tentative Republic which M. THIERS maintains in France has perhaps more prospect of vitality than the professed experiments which have been made in France, and which will sooner or later be imitated by Spain. Eclecticism and empiricism are the only philosophic tendencies to which, in the conduct of practical affairs, prudent statesmen incline.

THE MINES REGULATION BILL.

THE principle involved in the Mines Regulation Bill has been attacked from two opposite quarters. The mine-owning interest object to the Bill as unnecessary and vexatious. It assumes, they say, that they are careless about the lives of their workmen, and ready to sacrifice their own ultimate advantage rather than bear the cost of the precautions by which accidents may be averted. They say further that, taking this as its starting point, the Bill goes on to remedy an

assumed want of common sense and common humanity by a series of impracticable requirements. The result of this policy will be that the virtuous and prudent mine-owner will gradually get rid of his mines and take his capital elsewhere. Mining enterprises will consequently be left in the hands of reckless adventurers who will risk fine and imprisonment in order to secure large profits. The public will pay more for their coal, the lives of the miners will be no better protected, and the law will be defied and discredited. Upon one aspect of their case the mine-owners have found an ally in Mr. FAWCETT. Besides the provisions designed to secure proper precaution against accident, and a minimum of education for miners' children, the Bill contains a clause enacting that, wherever the payments made to the men depend on the amount of material gotten, the calculation shall be made by weight, not by measure; and another clause enacting that wages shall be paid in money. Mr. FAWCETT objects to these provisions as being of the nature of an intervention on the part of the State between employers and workmen with the object of regulating wages. The ground of the men's objection to being paid by measure rather than by weight is the alleged uncertainty of the calculation, and the opportunity it gives the employer of distorting it to his own advantage. The ground of their objection to being paid in goods rather than in money is that the employer is thereby enabled to pay them a smaller sum than that to which they are nominally entitled. They agree with him for so many shillings a week, and he pays part of the sum in food or clothing which they could buy more cheaply for themselves. Both these complaints, says Mr. FAWCETT, are really equivalent to a complaint that wages are lower than they ought to be. The workman gets an amount of coal for which, if it were reckoned by weight, he would be paid twenty shillings, but because it is reckoned by measure he is paid only eighteen shillings. Or out of every twenty shillings which he receives ten are paid in goods which are really worth no more than eight shillings. Either way the real grievance is that his wages are ten per cent. lower than they ought to be. If he may come and ask Parliament to put things right for him when the deficiency is due to the mode of calculation, why may he not equally invoke the aid of Parliament when the deficiency is due to other causes? If the rate of wages is a point which must be settled between himself and his employer, why should we make an exception because the rate of wages happens to be in issue indirectly instead of directly?

As regards the charge brought against the Bill by the mine-owners, it admits of an answer from experience. No employer can have a greater interest in saving the lives of his workmen than a Railway Company has in saving the lives of its passengers. In the latter case the Company are liable in damages, and, as it usually turns out, in very heavy damages. It is to their obvious interest therefore to take every approved precaution against accidents. Yet, as all the world knows, facts do not in the least square with this reasoning. Lord CAMPBELL's Act serves as a punishment to Railway Companies for being careless, but it has failed to make them careful. The dislike to incurring positive and immediate outlay merely to avoid a larger outlay at some uncertain and remote date leads them to run constant risks of hostile verdicts rather than insure themselves against actions by making travelling safer. But in the case of mine-owners the injury which follows upon an accident does not admit of being appreciated with equal certainty. A large loss of life among the workmen does not of necessity involve a corresponding loss of money to the employer. Whether it does so will depend upon the amount of plant or machinery destroyed, and upon the length of the period during which the mine has to be closed for repairs. This consideration is enough to justify the imposition of rules. The undue minuteness which is alleged to characterize the rules contained in the Mines Regulation Bill may be defended on another ground. The question whether the Act has been violated will be decided by a magistracy in which the mine-owners are very strongly represented, while the miners are not represented at all. It will be as though the administration of the Irish Land Act had been confided to Courts composed entirely of landlords. Under these circumstances it is important to leave as little as possible to the magistrates' discretion. There is not much fear that their decisions will be unjust, but there is more than fear that they will be prejudiced. The only way in which this tendency can be guarded against is, as far as possible, to resolve the questions submitted to them into issues of fact. When they have to pronounce whether a particular act is a violation of the law, they will probably come to a wrong con-

clusion; when they have only to ascertain whether a particular act has been committed, they can hardly go wrong unless they go wrong wilfully. Mr. FAWCETT's criticism is not quite so easily disposed of. There are the gravest objections to any interference with freedom of contract between master and workman which is not justified by an overwhelming necessity. No considerations of general philanthropy are sufficient here. The calamities which follow upon injudicious efforts to prescribe some other standard of wages than the higgling of the market are so formidable that it becomes a matter of great moment that Parliament should lend no show of countenance to any such delusion. But there is an appreciable difference, as it seems to us, between such an interference as Mr. FAWCETT deprecates and an interference which has for its object the regulation of the currency in which wages are to be paid. An attempt in this latter direction is of the nature of the laws which prescribe that the sovereign shall be of a certain weight and quality. Their object is not to supersede bargaining between employers and workmen; it is rather to make that bargaining more direct and intelligible. It would lead to great confusion if employers were allowed to contract with their workmen to pay them in shillings which should be worth only tenpence, and there is no difference in kind between denying them the power to do this and denying them the power to pay their workmen in goods which may be equally below their nominal value.

The mine-owners have fought hard to get the stringency of the Bill reduced, and they have not been altogether unsuccessful. It is true that Mr. STAVELEY HILL's insertion of "knowingly" may be regarded as practically got rid of, but a compromise was arrived at on Thursday which considerably reduces the responsibility of owners and managers. The owner will, if he is charged with violating the law, still have to show that he has taken all reasonable means to secure compliance with it. But he will be held to have conformed to this requirement if he has published and enforced the regulations. In the hands of an unprejudiced judge this qualification would do no harm. It is difficult to feel equally certain that in the hands of a prejudiced local magistracy "enforcing" may not be interpreted as implying very little more than "publishing," while "publishing" may in turn be reduced to mere placarding them at the mouth of the mine. A further concession on the part of the Government confines the right of instituting prosecutions to Government Inspectors. Petty and vexatious litigation is certainly not a thing to be encouraged, but if the right of putting the law into action is thus limited, the HOME SECRETARY ought to be extremely careful in his selection of Inspectors. Two other attempts to lessen the liability of owners suffered a just defeat. Mr. ELLIOT proposed that mines should only be ventilated "under ordinary circumstances"—forgetful apparently that the sudden appearance of unforeseen danger at once takes a case out of the category of ordinary circumstances, and invests it with a special character. Mr. Cross was anxious that imprisonment should be reserved for actual workmen, while owners and managers, no matter how guilty they may be, should incur nothing worse than a fine. Fortunately the House of Commons rejected the former amendment, and showed so little sympathy for the latter that it was not pressed to a division.

GENERAL CLUSERET AND THE FENIANS.

GENERAL CLUSERET may not be a great general, or, indeed, for the matter of that, a general at all, except in the sense in which hairdressers and acrobats sometimes call themselves professors, but he would have us believe that at least he is a very candid person. He has just published the secret history of the Fenian movement as far as he had any connexion with it, and the candour of his history is as that of Mrs. CANDOUR herself. From his youth upwards, it seems, General CLUSERET has worshipped Humanity, but as the years have rolled on, the object of his worship has passed more and more into an abstract form. He still believes in Humanity in the abstract, but he appears to have a very low opinion of men in the concrete. He has more reason than M. THIERS, he says, for calling the multitude vile; the reason being, we suppose, that M. THIERS is, and he is not, President of the French Republic. M. THIERS, it is true, did not take an active part in the war against the Germans, but he exerted himself first to procure for France the assistance of other Powers, and, when this hope failed, the best terms that could be obtained from the enemy; and his countrymen are perhaps justified in believing that in this way he served them as effectually as if he had lent the weight of his stalwart person and brawny arm to

the defence of his country in the field. General CLUSERET drew his sword on behalf of France, but he had no idea of fleshing it in the Germans. As far as we are aware, the services he rendered to France consisted in stirring up sedition and rioting among her own people. General CLUSERET did not join CHANZY or even GARIBALDI, but he found a more glorious, congenial, and perhaps prudent, mission in exciting domestic strife at a comfortable distance from the seat of war. He got through a good deal of violent oratory, but his sword proved to be rather a figure of speech than a weapon for actual use. We remember a little boy once asking an officer in a drawing-room whether he was a real soldier—had he ever killed anybody? And possibly General CLUSERET, though he has a good deal of bloodshed to answer for, may not have reason to be distressed by the remembrance of having personally added much to the carnage of any of the conflicts for which he is responsible. He figured mysteriously in Paris during the reign of the Commune; but he "was beaten," he tells us, "by those he defended," and he had no difficulty in making his escape in good time. It is difficult to know how much to believe of his narrative of the Fenian conspiracy, but it tends at least to confirm our impression of the remarkable personal prudence which appears to distinguish most of the General's feats. He states that he undertook to be ready to place himself at the head of an army of 10,000 Fenians, thoroughly equipped, and provided with every kind of matériel for a campaign. Oddly enough, this army was not forthcoming, and General CLUSERET did not have the opportunity of displaying his conditional heroism. It is not stated whether, during the interval when it was supposed that this army of the future was being formed, he drew pay and allowances as generalissimo; but it would appear from his own story that he never at any moment discharged any of the duties of the office, that he held himself carefully aloof from all the perils of conspiracy, and that he refused to go beyond his original bargain to command 10,000 men, when they were shown to his satisfaction to exist, not on paper, but in the field. We can only say that it strikes us that this was a very safe bargain under the circumstances. General CLUSERET intimates that he has no confidence in the Fenians, but perhaps the Fenians may think they had some reason for not having much confidence in him; and this opinion will naturally be strengthened by his present revelations.

It appears that General CLUSERET can conceive of no reason for his being in such very bad odour in France except his connexion with Fenianism, and he chooses *Fraser's Magazine* as a natural medium of communication with the French people on the subject. He falls into the view that the Fenian expedition which began to be planned in 1866 was one of the consequences of the Civil War in the United States. The Irish who had taken part in it were in the mood for fighting, and they thought the moment propitious for securing the assistance, either covert or open, of the American Government in an attack upon England, as a reward for their military services. There was in the first instance no difficulty in raising money for this object; but "with the military chest well filled came complications and intrigues." The subscribers had paid for a fight, and a fight they were determined to have; and it was thought advisable to do something in order to keep up the flow of money. The first Fenian expedition—a raid on Canada—collapsed at the outset. The generals and the troops were, according to CLUSERET, alike drunk, and treachery and vain-boasting had disclosed their plans before they were ready to be put in action. CLUSERET had all along sympathized with the movement, and been ready to join it. In the first place, he had had no fighting for a couple of years, and had begun to long for some; and, in the second place, the Irish cause was in his eyes the cause of Humanity itself. But it was not till he met STEPHENS in New York that he went seriously into the matter. He had seen a photograph of STEPHENS, and did not like his "feline aspect," but friends brought them together, and he was persuaded to trust him. He found STEPHENS an adept at organization, but vain, despotic, overbearing, and useless for action. Ireland had been mapped out into districts, and a large body of men enrolled, but arms and ammunition were wanting, and there were no funds to purchase them. The "general expenses" of the movement were heavy. "The apartments of STEPHENS at the Metropolitan Hotel cost a good deal; that at No. —, Thirteenth Street, though less expensive, still stood for a large figure." Then the prisoners had to be provided for, agents of all kinds were continually crossing the sea, and in one way or another all the money of the association was swallowed up. What arms the Fenians had were, along with a couple of

blockade-runners, in the possession of a party of the leaders who insisted upon making America the basis of their operations, while the others wished to act in Ireland. CLUSERET joined with STEPHENS in supporting the latter policy. They discussed together the resources of England, making allowance for the forces in the colonies, and for those retained in garrison at home and abroad, and the time that would be required for troops engaged in foreign service to return to England. They also took into account the Fenians in the English army, and the disorder they might cause in the ranks. They calculated the means of transport from one port to another, and came at last to the conclusion that the English Government could not for ninety days have at its disposal in Ireland more than 30,000 effective men, and that 10,000 resolute Fenians acting in their own country with energy and rapidity, and under the shelter of popular sympathy, would be able to seize upon the most important points for landing troops and the chief communications, and to break up and crush the English forces before assistance could arrive. CLUSERET drew up a plan of the campaign, and it only remained, to provide the army. Money was indispensable, but, on account of previous disappointments, money could be obtained only by promising that active hostilities should begin before the end of 1867. This engagement brought in plentiful subscriptions. As the money came in, STEPHENS seems to have cooled in his bellicose determination, but his associates insisted upon going on with the project of insurrection; one of the blockade-runners was sold at a great sacrifice to provide for the preliminary expenses of the campaign, and CLUSERET and a dozen head-centres crossed the sea to organize a rising.

In London CLUSERET found the same jealousies, rivalries, and dissensions among the Fenian leaders as in New York. He was careful not to compromise himself up with them, and stuck to the terms of his bargain. When there were 10,000 men in the field he would undertake to command them. After consultation with MAZZINI, LEDRU ROLLIN, BRADLAUGH, and many "influential members of the Reform League," he came to the conclusion that the Irish question could be settled only by English co-operation. He had a nocturnal interview with the members of the Executive Committee of the League; it is not stated whether the conspirators went muffled in long cloaks, and we are sorry there is no report of the conference. But the result appears to have been that the Reform League offered to "join hand in hand" with the Fenians, and to "make a platform which should be acceptable to both parties," and that at "the house of one of the most important members of the Committee of the Reform League" the basis of an agreement between Fenianism and the League was agreed upon. It was part of the compact that the Fenians should be ready to support the League against the police in holding its illegal demonstrations in Trafalgar Square. As soon as the Fenians attempted to put their plans into execution they fell into confusion. The attack on Chester Castle was, as CLUSERET admits, foolish and impracticable, and he would have nothing to do with it. The rising in Ireland was ruined by want of arms and ammunition, and by the drunken treachery of one of the leaders, whom CLUSERET one night found "completely drunk, and smoking expensive cigars," and who soon after stumbled into the midst of a detachment of English soldiers, was captured, and then gave up the names of his associates. When CLUSERET heard this news, "being entirely without baggage"—as, he tells us, he always takes care to be in circumstances of this kind—he lost no time in quitting England.

There is nothing new in this narrative except as to the proceedings of the writer himself, and the reckless "cosmopolitanism" of the Reform League, the rump of which Mr. MIALL lately endeavoured to enlist in an agitation against the Church of England; but it confirms what was previously known of the internal weakness of the Fenian insurrection. Perhaps the strongest proof of its weakness was that it had to depend for generalship on General CLUSERET. It is unnecessary for us to decide whether CLUSERET is the knave he is accused of being, or the fool his nonsensical talk about the fraternity and solidarity of humanity might lead one to suppose. He says that COBDEN was a *communard* and anti-patriot in the best sense of the word, and an honest man besides; but we should be disposed to apply these epithets to the General in their worst sense, and to say nothing of his honesty. He seems to be a characteristic example of the unscrupulous and unprincipled *commis-voyageur* of Revolution. He has the greatest contempt for the Fenian leaders, calls their expedition foolish and impracticable, and admits that they could not have established a government if they had succeeded. He recom-

mends the Irish, who have no hope, he says, of the slightest help from either America or France, to drink less whisky, to agree among themselves, and to coalesce with the English. But there is not the slightest hint in his explanation of any regret for having egged on the Fenians in their wicked and hopeless effort to upset a Government which, on his own showing, was at least much better than anything they could have substituted for it. It is perhaps a significant circumstance that General CLUSERET's chief quarrel with the Commune was, on his own confession, as to the propriety of looting the Bank of France. He was in favour of this measure, while his associates, to do them justice, were against it.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY AT CAMBRIDGE.

A dire difficulty is said of late to have severely exercised some tender consciences among the resident members of the University of Cambridge. For the first time in her annals a divine strange to the bosom of the University was summoned to fill her pulpit in the academical hours of a Sunday afternoon. The protest against his intrusion having proved futile, it remains unknown what steps are in contemplation to prevent the repeated violation of a useless tradition. It so happens that the study of history at Cambridge has not yet reached so advanced a stage as to produce an unworthy jealousy of non-Cambridge historical luminaries; and the "Rede" Lecture of the current year, which had been most judiciously committed to Mr. E. A. Freeman, was not only listened to with respect in the body of the Senate House, and applauded with enthusiasm in the galleries, but may be destined to aid in the long-desired development of a study which the lecturer must have specially at heart. It would indeed be a worthy response on the part of the University to the wise teachings of her guest were the study of history at Cambridge to be re-organized, or rather for the first time to be made a reality, on a system essentially in accordance with the views urged in his masterly address.

There can be no difficulty in deciding what is needed to place the study of history at Cambridge on a footing of adequate dignity and usefulness, if it be remembered what has hitherto been done and what has hitherto been left undone. The records of positive performance are singularly short and simple. Regius Professors of Modern History have no doubt lectured at more or less decent intervals, both before and after the French Revolution supplied them with a favourite subject for their courses. As the offices of Historiographer-Royal and Poet-Laureate were at one time combined at the English Court, so at Cambridge the Professor of Modern History has added to the arduous duties of his chair the responsibilities of poet *ex officio* to the University. Gray, "the celebrated poet" (by brevet of the University Calendar), indited a splendid Installation Ode in honour of the Duke of Grafton (which must have often consoled the victim of Junius), even as Mr. Kingsley at a later date celebrated the ancestral glories of the house of Cavendish. Among Gray's successors Professor Smyth is still remembered as one of the last Whigs who ever haunted a Cambridge Combination Room; and his lectures on the French Revolution are as respectable as his Latin verses. After him the late Sir James Stephen did honour to the chair, and if he did not materially add to the extent of historical knowledge or to the growth of historical criticism, yet he contributed something towards a more sympathetic treatment of more than one class of historical questions. Then ensued Mr. Kingsley's brief official honeymoon with the Muse of History, the deceitful hollowness of whose charms he has since so cynically revealed. Professor Seeley's career has as yet been too brief to admit of comment. But no past Professor has virtually attempted more than the delivery of occasional courses of lectures; nor is it pretended that the institution of the system of professorial certificates, or the more recent special examinations in history for the ordinary degree—a kind of *visa* to the passport which ensures the distinction of a B.A. without honours—has materially advanced the study of history. It was accordingly felt, a few years back, by a small but resolute band of believers, that something more must be done to promote the special study of a subject which the University had hitherto been contented to treat as an agreeable *parergon*. The example of Oxford suggested the doubtful experiment of constituting (if the mixture of metaphor be permitted) a two-legged Tripos; and "Modern History" was for a time united with Law in a *marriage de convenance*. Undoubtedly there are numerous points of contact between the two sciences, and the knowledge of one is irreconcilable with ignorance of the other. But there are many other sciences with which history is at least equally closely connected; and indeed she had, we believe, at one time formed one of the happy family known as the Moral Sciences Tripos. But at Cambridge as at Oxford (where it has since been dissolved) her union with Law proved more barren than had been expected; at Cambridge, at all events, the equality of conjugal rights is only nominal; the budding barrister regards the "getting-up" of certain specified periods of history as an unmitigated nuisance, interfering unwarrantably with his willing devotion to Gaius and Blackstone, while the obvious necessity of requiring only a limited knowledge of special portions of "Modern History" from all the candidates in the joint Tripos has produced a dead level of mediocrity in the historical performances of the

large majority among them. A general consent of experience has accordingly recommended a divorce between a hastily assorted couple. Law will probably, as becomes a faculty of academical studies, be left to itself; and the question arises, What is to become of "Modern History"; for "Modern History" alone owns a Professor at Cambridge, "Modern History" alone has received a quasi-independent recognition in her range of studies, and "Modern History," if left to itself, may not improbably run the risk of being left to itself out in the cold.

A Syndicate has, we believe, been appointed to take this difficulty into consideration. We would fain hope that this Syndicate, upon whose recommendations the immediate future of historical study in one of our chief seats of learning must virtually depend, will be found equal to its splendid opportunity. And for once safety seems to lie in a radical reform. A death-blow should be boldly dealt to the absurd pedantry which has established as a quasi-scientific division the futile distinction between ancient and modern history. Granting that the fall of the Roman Empire of the West constitutes a broad landmark as convenient as it is unmistakable, granting that much of the unity which the revival of the Roman Empire gives to later European history is fictitious only, yet what pretence is there for the assumption that there is a bar at the boundary, and that the study of the life of the world can be cut in twain like a sheet of paper? As well might the sagacious distinction be maintained which Bolingbroke draws somewhere in his *Letters on History*, between the period which has to be "studied" and that which has only to be "read." But it seems unnecessary to dilate upon so obvious a truth. After the forcible remarks on this head by Mr. Freeman in his "Rede" Lecture, what shadow of excuse can remain for upholding this futile protest against the "unity of history," and for forcing the veriest beginner into beginning at a half-way house with "modern history," while "ancient history" is relegated into the tangled depths of the Classical Tripos?

In other words, an Historical Tripos which shall include history at large is the one reasonable solution of the problem. Such a proposal is certain to meet with manifold objections; but these objections it will surely not be difficult to refute. With those who object to the multiplication of triposes in general it is indeed not easy to argue; for their objection amounts to one against the extension of University studies in general. They convert Leibnitz's profound apophthegm of *Non multa sed multum* from a plea for thoroughness into a cry for onesidedness. The old studies will not suffer by the competition of the new, if the new are but enabled worthily to range themselves by the side of the old. And if it is feared lest the uncertainty of reward will deter undergraduates or bachelors from seeking distinction in a new Tripos, is not the remedy in the hands of the Colleges themselves? But there are others who will confine their protest to the particular Tripos proposed. It is indeed wonderful that the possibility of systematically pursuing the study of history should be denied by those who have not even taken the trouble to compare the experience of the great Continental schools where Ranke and others have trained generations of historical students as systematically and successfully as Moltke has trained staffs of military officers. A more specious objection in *limine* will be urged by many who hold by the principle that "examination is to the student what the target is to the rifleman." The primary object of education is, they say, to give power, and the primary object of examination is to test it. On this principle Cambridge has proceeded and has thriven: this object is fulfilled in the case of the Mathematical, and even of the Classical, and certain other Triposes; but to examine a man in history is merely to ascertain whether he has within a given time amassed a certain amount of information—in other words, to set a premium on "cram." To these arguments the answer is, that in examination, as in study, everything depends upon method. Make the examination at once comprehensive in its range, and searching in special points, and it cannot fail as a test of power. Historical power lies not only in the accumulation of materials; it includes the criticism of them, the combination of them, the reasoning from them directly and by analogy, and the artistic reproduction of them for the demands of intelligence and taste. Nor is the hope Utopian, that the promise of such results can be ensured in a general Historical Tripos. As Mr. Freeman says, no man can be "equally familiar with the tongue, the literature, the political constitutions, the civil and military events of all times and places." But

it is none the less true that the student of history or of language—and he who is a student of either must be in no small degree a student of the other—must take in all history and all language within his range. The degrees of his knowledge of various languages, of various branches of history, will vary infinitely. Of some branches he must know everything, but of every branch he must know something. Each student will have his own special range, the times and places which he chooses for his special and minute study. . . . Some branches must in every case be primary and some secondary: which are primary and which are secondary will of course differ in the case of each particular student. It is enough if each man, while thoroughly mastering the branches of his own choice, knows at least enough of the other branches to have a clear and abiding conception of their relation to his own special branches and to one another.

It is this *medium* of special and of general knowledge which it should be the business of a history examination to test. The present is not the time or the place to indicate the features of a scheme by which such a result might be secured. It is enough to insist that a fair knowledge of general history, and a special knowledge of a special period, to be selected, if possible, within a given range by the candidate himself, should

alone be held to qualify for historical honours. And it is here that the so-called "classical" training which many undergraduates bring up to the University, and which they there augment and perfect, would serve at once as an equipment and an encouragement. The Classical Tripos is heavily enough weighted already; it is indeed, in the opinion of some, overweighted by the effect of recent changes. In it History should hold no other than an exegetical place; historical study proper, and its proper fruit, the power of historical criticism, should be cultivated in a field of their own. Nor is there any good reason to fear that the result might be, at first at all events, to drive "Modern History" into the background by associating it with "Ancient." The man who has been led by the close study of the classics to the special study of what is called ancient history is the most promising student of history in general; and it is not those who study, but those who ignore, the history of Greece and Rome who are indifferent to that of their own country and of the modern world in general. So much at least might be learnt from the examples of Macaulay, of Arnold, and of many others whose names our Universities justly boast. Nor is the feeblest of all arguments against a systematic study of history likely to derive any strength from the consideration suggested by the mention of great autodidacts of any country or age. The study of history is indeed independent in its vitality of encouragement by triposes and their rewards; but it depends upon the action of the stewards of our great academical endowments whether that study shall in future, as heretofore, be left to individual and isolated effort, or be made more general and systematic, and thus more vigorous and national, by a judiciously liberal use of such opportunities as that which Cambridge now has before her.

A ROMANTIC SPORT.

IN one of his recent volumes Mr. Froude describes a kind of sport which prevailed some three centuries ago, when Ireland was practically as far removed from us as the Western States of America are now. An English gentleman announced, for the information of his superiors, that he had had "some killing," and gave details of the success which had attended his performance. There was a touching simplicity in the phrase which could not be too highly commended. The animals killed on this occasion belonged to that peculiar race of bipeds which still abounds, thanks to its prolific tendencies, in the sister island, although by this time it is almost as numerous on the other side of the Atlantic. Certain prejudices which have been gathering strength in modern times have pretty well extinguished this particular variety of amusement. Killing, as applied to the human race, is considered to be discreditable, and indeed is a punishable offence, except when pursued under due regulations. But the phrase gives the essence of the pleasure derived from sport, and the tendency is for the attendant circumstances to become of less importance, and for the amusement to become more distinctly killing pure and simple. In former days sport was supposed to imply a considerable amount of personal adventure, of enjoyment of fresh country air, and of a kind of unconscious exposure of the sportsman's mind to all the influences of natural scenery. But now we are rapidly becoming wiser. We take our pleasure in its concentrated essence; we enjoy the infliction of death upon the brute creation without endeavouring to surround it with romantic but superfluous circumstances. It is sufficient for the modern sportsman to kill a quantity of half-tame pheasants, or to slaughter pigeons without taking any more trouble or risk than is involved in a journey to a London suburb and the discharge of a gun from a fixed standing-point. The difference, in short, between the amusement of the sportsman and the trade of the butcher or poulterer tends to become evanescent; and to all appearance the nobility and gentry will before long be able to derive sufficient amusement by hiring themselves out to prepare the daily supplies of food for the London market.

There are, however, still vast regions where the amusement may still be enjoyed under something of its old form. There are lions and rhinoceroses in Africa, tigers in India; and, we might be disposed to add, buffaloes and grizzlies in America. Have we not all pored in our childhood over the pages of Fenimore Cooper? Who does not cherish a warm affection for the admirable Natty Bumppo and his red-skinned companions? We have wondered at the marvellous precision of the backwoodsman's rifle, and the superhuman instinct by which the savage tracked his prey through the haunts of his deadliest enemies. We know of course that the social condition of the Far West has undergone a great revolution. The noble savage has dwindled into a drunken, disreputable hanger-on of civilization; the backwoodsman is being rapidly supplanted by the gentlemen whose peculiarities give an original flavour to the pages of Bret Harte. The railway is a convenient substitute for the war path of the original Indian. And yet, great and rapid as is the change, we had fancied that at the remotest parts of the American continent still included vast territories where the adventurous traveller might find a touch of romance lingering amongst the prairies or the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps it may be so; but we have received a severe shock to our faith. Already, it seems, a vast section of the West is in process of annexation to cockneydom. A certain Mr. Schaller, the representative of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company, has circulated a document only

too well calculated to dispel any fond illusions. A grand buffalo-hunt, he informs us, is to take place in Nebraska during the ensuing autumn; this hunt is to be "in every way suited"—not, alas! to the Western hunter or to the Red Indian—but "to the nobility and gentry of Great Britain." For the trifling sum of ninety guineas any member of those favoured classes may enjoy seven weeks' pleasure. He will cross the Atlantic, proceed in palace cars from New York to Chicago, view the burnt city, and then travel in a train, to which a dining-room car will be attached, to the home of the buffalo. During his adventurous chase he will be followed by an "efficient corps of cooks," with tents, beds, grooms, and "everything generally found in a first-class hotel." All arrangements have been made to give the party "the greatest amount of pleasure with the least possible trouble," or, in fact, to enable the nobility and gentry to fancy themselves at Hurlingham with the single difference that a buffalo presents a larger mark than a pigeon. It is supposed that some members of the party will be troubled with an inconvenient amount of conscience. To meet this possible case, waggons will be provided to carry "trophies of the chase," such as elk horns and buffalo skins. The more sensible sportsmen will probably purchase their stock of trophies in New York or Liverpool. With touching modesty Mr. Schaller concludes by saying:—"I may possibly accompany the party, as well as Mr. Dawson, but nothing will be left undone to ensure the comfort of the travellers." We can only interpret this in accordance with the rules of grammar by supposing that Mr. Schaller is delicately hinting that, even if he accompanies the party, he will not make his society obtrusive. Probably, in such an aristocratic gathering, the members of the expedition will insist upon having it understood that nobody, even if he were Chin-gach-gook himself, should speak to them without an introduction. Finally, we have to observe that ladies may be admitted to share in this refined amusement by paying ten guineas more than the price fixed for gentlemen. A few additional regulations which might be suggested are left to the natural tastes of the gallant sportsmen. Nobody would of course venture to show himself without kid gloves, and every one will dress for dinner. To save unnecessary trouble and disappointment, the buffaloes will be induced to present themselves in the neighbourhood of the camp at an hour which will permit of a comfortable cigar after breakfast; and a proper interval will be allowed for luncheon. Some things of course must be a little rough on a first experiment; but in another year or two an expedition to Nebraska will be attended with no more discomfort than a journey to Ascot. It is to be hoped that game-laws may be passed providing against an excessive slaughter; and we shall then have every reason to hope that the Nebraska buffalo-hunt may become part of the recognized programme for the Parliamentary recess. Nothing—for we find ourselves unable to avoid the recognized formula—could do more to promote international amities; the representatives of the two nations will acquire the habit of aiming their rifles at a common foe instead of firing at each other; and there is no greater bond of alliance than when two strong men agree to suppress a weak neighbour. Moreover, the mere sight of a British nobleman is known to produce a strong effect upon Republican nerves; and the more intimate Americans become with so admirable a type of humanity the more they will admire the institutions which have favoured his growth. Who knows but that after the fine old English gentleman has been watched by these democrats at his amusements, they may think about setting up a House of Lords?

It is not for us to find any fault with a plan so carefully organized and so admirably adapted to the taste of the British public. There is, however, one suggestion which forcibly occurs to us. The country, as we have seen, is being rapidly reduced into decent order. There are, as Mr. Schaller informs us in capital letters, no hostile Indians in Nebraska whatever; none of the sportsmen need be afraid of leaving their scalp in exchange for a buffalo skin; and doubtless there will be a general feeling of gratitude to our cousins for the completeness with which they have removed one of the greatest nuisances of the country. Perhaps their primary object in carrying out this reform was not the convenience of English sportsmen, but the result is the same so far as we are concerned. The only Indians now left are certain friendly Pawnees and others, who in character are something between gipsies and gamekeepers. And yet, though this removes one great objection to the region of the chase, we feel that the Western States are not yet up to a European standard in point of comfort. There are many little hardships which it will be impossible entirely to obviate; mosquitoes have survived the Indians, and the cooks—unless they are transported bodily from New York or Paris—are likely to be distinctly inferior to those of an English club. It therefore becomes worth while to consider whether, instead of transporting the nobility and gentry, with all the paraphernalia which are necessary to their comfort, to the haunts of the game, it would not be better to bring the game to the nobility and gentry. One of the earliest successes of the immortal Barnum, if we remember rightly, was a grand buffalo-hunt in the neighbourhood of New York. It is true that on that occasion the show of buffaloes was shabby; but the means of transport have improved since his day. A herd of buffaloes brought to England and exhibited, say, on Chobham ridges or in Epping Forest, would draw such crowds from London that it would be well worth the while of the railway companies to pay the expenses of the transport. Leave to shoot them would of course be sold at a high rate. And moreover, if there were any difficulty about bringing over

buffaloes enough, the herd might be satisfactorily filled up by British cattle. A few Smithfield drovers of the old stamp would soon drive them wild enough for all practical purposes, and would be in themselves quite as picturesque figures as the Red Indian of the present day. No patriot should admit that an English short-horn is inferior to an American buffalo; he is about as easy to hit, and the danger incurred in the pursuit would be about equal in the two cases. The objection to killing tame animals has almost vanished already; and if the account of the preparations made for the Nebraska buffalo-hunt are trustworthy, it would appear that the sport is not intended to include the smallest spice of adventure, or to give any opportunity for skill in anything but aiming a rifle. Why not, then, secure the additional comfort which would be easily secured by locating—an Americanism is appropriate—the hunt within these islands?

There is one reason for this which, we must confess, weighs pretty strongly with us. The true object of the expedition is to enable certain persons to kill a number of big bovine animals, which may be done as easily in England as in America. It appears, however, that there are some other creatures in America which are thrown in by way of bonus. Nothing is said of the grisly bear, and we hope that he is as unknown in Nebraska as the hostile Indian, but there are deer, beavers, wild turkeys, and other game. Turkeys are to be found in England, and probably with less trouble, and so are deer; but we have a kind of sentimental affection for the beaver. We were told so many lies about him in our nurseries that we should be sorry for his final extirpation. Very likely he is no more intelligent than a number of other creatures which have by no means his position in that charming collection of fables which we used to call natural history; but yet a kind of halo rests upon him in our imaginations of which we wish that he should have the benefit. He is a sacred animal in a small way, and is associated in our minds with all manner of excellent moral aphorisms. We connect him with the busy bee and the half-reasoning elephant, and a number of other venerable impostors; and we feel as if we should be guilty of gross ingratitude in turning in upon him a host of cockneys with just enough interest in him to take additional pleasure in killing him. The change in the fashion of hats is said to have given him a breathing-space; but when he once comes within the remorseless sway of the genuine British sportsman, he will be extirpated as calmly as though he were a human being. Nothing would apparently be more to the taste of the thoroughbred destructive than the slaughter of the last dodo or great auk, or other representative of an expiring race, for the feat would necessarily remain unique. Much as we love the beaver, however, he is merely an instance of a general principle. Raise the sluices to admit the deluge of cockneydom, and the last faint shadow of romance will disappear from the American wilderness. The pleasures of killing are so great that it is probably vain to protest. Wherever a killable animal is to be found there will the cockney be gathered together, and he will kill more than the animal. He will slay the imaginary beings that still haunt the wild regions of the earth. Before many generations are past there will not be a single eminence above the deluge where the fancy can find room whereon to perch. If it is in one sense useless to complain, it is still impossible not to utter some protest against a more than usually irritating case of annexation of the realm of old romance by the miserable dominion of the prosaic.

LEODIUM.

NO city which at any time formed part of the older Roman Empire can reasonably object to being called by its Latin name. We have often wished that we might use the name "Remi" for the metropolitan city of France, instead of having either to make a sound through our noses to which our noses feel quite unable to do justice, or else to offend polite ears by talking of "Rhemes" as our forefathers did. But with the city which plays such a part in the story of Quentin Durward our difficulties are greater still. The ancient *Leodium* is known in our tongue as *Lüttich*, in another as *Liège*, in a third as *Luik* or *Leuk*—we think we have seen it written both ways. But we are haunted by a suspicion, which we have but poor means of verifying, that neither *Lüttich* nor *Liège* nor *Leuk* is the genuine name of the place. It is easy enough to find out the true names of the places where French is the high-polite, but Flemish the genuine native speech. Not even a Parisian could persuade himself that the honest Low-Dutch speech of Flanders, English which has stayed at home, was a form of "bad French." Flemish therefore asserts its rights; all things at Antwerp are bilingual; the market is full of people to whom French is as utterly unknown as it could be in Leicestershire. Flemish books, Flemish newspapers, greet the traveller at every step; he can easily learn that the city which Englishmen used to call *Mecklin*, as they still do so when speaking of lace, which in High-Dutch is *Meckeln*, and which in French has sunk into *Malines*, is in its own natural tongue *Mechelen*. But at Leodium we have no such help. French is of course the high-polite speech, and Flemish is certainly not the natural speech. The natural speech is *Walloon*, a Romance dialect which may fairly pass as a language independent of French. It may be heard by those who will look for it, with its sounds distinctly Romance, but as distinctly not French. But in the mind of any Frenchman or French-speaking person such a tongue is a mere

corruption of French of Paris, and it is not entitled even to that measure of toleration which he may be constrained to grant to forms of speech which he cannot anyhow make out to have anything to do with his own language. Walloon therefore is in the same case as the speech of *oc*, the speech of troubadours and Albigenses, actually is in Aquitaine and Provence; it is in the same case in which the tongues of Dante and Calderon might have come to be if only the Buonapartes had kept their Italian and Spanish thrones long enough. It is "bad French," and no notice can be taken of it. Hence at Antwerp everything is written up in Flemish as well as in French, giving the inquiring traveller a pleasant lesson in Low-Dutch. But nothing is written up in Walloon in the city of St. Lambert, and the traveller who doubts the fitness of either Liège, Lüttich, or Leuk, may be tempted to fall back on Leodium. Older Teutonic forms like *Luticha* and *Ludike*, Latin forms like *Ledgia*, *Legia*, *Lingas*, do not help us in getting at the genuine Walloon. If we talk of *Liège*, we use the name in high-polite use on the spot; but we suggest the notion of the place being French. If we say *Lüttich*, we preserve the memory of the fact that, till the latest times, Leodium remained a Bishopric of the Empire, but we use a name which is unknown on the spot. For historical purposes *Leodium* is safest.

The history of the city is mainly the history of the Bishopric; during its most exciting period it is the history of the struggles of the citizens with their ecclesiastical lords. Leodium, at all events as a place of any importance, belongs to the class of cities which, like Wells and the younger Salisbury in our own land, gathered round an episcopal church. The name of the place is most likely Teutonic, and if it existed at all in Roman times, it never rose to any fame. Its real history begins under the later Merwings, or more truly under the Austrasian Mayors, the place lying among the immediate possessions of the House of Herrstatt. The greatness of Leodium began with a martyrdom. St. Lambert, Bishop of Tongres, in which diocese the place then stood, paid his life as the forfeit of his apostolic boldness for rebuking the vices of the ducal house. The blood of the martyr was in truth, in its own sense, the seed of the Church. The next Bishop, Hubert, translated the body of his predecessor to the scene of his death, and translated the episcopal throne along with it. The successors of St. Lambert, like the other prelates of the Empire, were endowed by the Carolingian Kings with vast estates and great temporal rights, and thus the ecclesiastical principality arose. It lasted with various fortunes till the general crash in which the world was involved by the movements of revolutionary France. Any careful map of the last century will show the Austrian Netherlands intersected by one or two narrow strips of territory coloured of the same tint as the Empire, which mark the temporal dominions of the successors of St. Lambert. Of these prelates the most famous was Notger, who reigned from 971 to 1008, and whose chief business was to bring the turbulent feudatories of the neighbourhood into submission to law in some shape or other. But the history of the bishopric is, as we have hinted, mainly made up of quarrels between the Bishops and the citizens. They were unluckily placed towards one another. The citizens never became strong enough to win complete independence, and to set up a sovereign commonwealth owning no King but Caesar. On the other hand, they were too strong to abide in a regular and orderly state of submission, like a town which is confessedly subject. Leodium was more than a *Landstadt*, without rising to the dignity of a *Reichstadt*. The result was confusions, conspiracies, and crimes without end committed on both sides. At one time, namely in the fifteenth century, these local disputes grew into European importance on account of their connexion with the advance of the Dukes of Burgundy on the House of Valois. Without diving very deep into the local chronicles, it is easy to see that in no part of the world was there a state of things more admirably suited to promote dissension and confusion of every kind. There was the prince, there was his chapter, one of the noblest and most exclusive in the Empire, there were the nobles of the bishopric and of the city, there were the citizens with as many distinctions among themselves as were to be found in Geneva itself, and there were the other towns and districts of the neighbourhood which claimed more or less of local independence. Yet through all this the city contrived to flourish; and now, no longer either a principality or a commonwealth, but the local capital of a province of the kingdom of Belgium, the city flourishes as it never flourished before, as the great centre of the iron trade of the country.

The "noble city," as of old times it delighted to call itself, deserves its name alike from the beauty of its position and from the splendour of its buildings, and this although the great ornament of the city has perished. The church of Hubert was succeeded by the church of Notger, in which St. Bernard preached before a Pope and an Emperor, the second Innocent and the second Lothar. At the end of the eleventh century the church of Notger again perished by fire, and was succeeded by the building which lasted till the confusions of 1793, when the body which called itself *La Convention Nationale Liégeoise* decreed unanimously "que l'édifice gothique, ci-devant cathédrale, sera démolé." (One would be curious to know the exact meaning which the word "gothique" carried to the mind of a National Convention in the year 1793.) The work was done, but done gradually. It was however done in the end so thoroughly that not a stone is now left. The church of St. Lambert, with its two western towers, and a third tower with a lofty spire adjoining the choir, has gone, and it has left no

memory of itself beyond giving its name to the empty place which marks its site. But hard by it stands the stately palace of the Prince-Bishops, now become the provincial palace of justice; a striking building, in the confused and inconsistent style of the first part of the sixteenth century, with pillars and capitals strange according to either classical or mediæval standards, the general effect of which is rich and not displeasing. The rich cloister which surrounds the inner court has suggested to some minds a likeness to the Doge's Palace, but it is hard to see any further likeness than that which must exist among all open arcades resting on columns. At all events, the *Renaissance* building looks well in comparison with the modern Italian front which has supplanted it on one side.

The position of the cathedral and the palace illustrates the history of the city. Leodium is not one of the hill-fort cities like Chartres and Geneva, where the cathedral crowns the highest point, nor yet one of the island cities like Paris and Châlons, where the cathedral stands in the midst of the river. When an episcopal throne, as here and at Exeter, has been translated in comparatively late times—especially when, as here, the city derives, if not its being, at least its importance from the translation—the cathedral may stand anywhere that happens to be convenient in that particular place. Leodium stands in the valley of the Meuse, in a hollow surrounded by hills, forming one of the most picturesque sites in the only picturesque part of the kingdom of Belgium. The city, now at least, stands on both sides of the river; one of the bridges which connect the two parts figures in the French legend of Charlemagne, a part of the tale perhaps suggested by a local Leodian tradition, which claims Charles the Great as a native of the city or its neighbourhood. The main part of the city lies on the left bank of the river, filling up the narrow space between the river and the hills, and climbing up the greater part of the height of the hills themselves. Two of the most striking of the many churches, those of St. Martin and St. Cross, stand high, rising over the streets below in a way which reminds the English visitor of Lincoln itself. But the great pile of St. Lambert was satisfied with a lowlier site. The palace and the space where the cathedral once stood are just at the bottom of the rising ground. A short ascent leads from them to St. Cross, and higher up again stands St. Martin, the position of which makes it the most conspicuous object in the city, though it certainly does not of itself deserve the first place. Yet it is not a contemptible pile, and we learn from it, as from any other church in the city, that, though Leodium may be Welsh in speech, in architecture at least it did not fall away from its allegiance to the Eastern Kingdom. The aisleless apse of St. Martin, with its tall windows, is thoroughly German, and in the neighbouring and far more interesting church of St. Cross we find the most intensely German of all ecclesiastical arrangements, the double apse, eastwards and westwards, after the manner of Mainz and Worms. This church is said to owe its origin to Bishop Notger, who characteristically built it on the site of the dwelling of a robber noble whom he cajoled into submission to the law. But though one of its ends, namely the western, is Romanesque, it is Romanesque in its latest form, two hundred years later than the time of Notger. The eastern octagon and apse are there, and the transverse apses, like so many of the churches of Köln, can be traced out among later changes. These arrangements, so utterly unknown in England, will give the traveller on the banks of the Meuse a good foretaste of what lies in store for him on the banks of the Rhine. The later part of the church is no less worthy study. A good eastern apse of the German Gothic is a worthy ending to a nave whose slender pillars and three bodies of equal height may suggest the memory of Bristol, but which in the management of its outer walls contrives to unite the Bristol arrangement with the general effect of a clerestory range.

The city contains some other remarkable Romanesque buildings, though several of them, like those of Würzburg, which we spoke of last year, have fallen victims to the fact of their mechanical construction being the same as that of the revived Italian style. The pillars and round arches seem to have supplied an irresistible temptation to architects of the seventeenth century to disguise what they doubtless looked on as barbarous bareness with the plaster ornaments in use in their own time. A church thus fearfully *Jesuité*—to use a phrase which we have heard, and which we wish Lord Palmerston could have heard also—is that of St. Bartholomew in the eastern part of the city, a church worth seeing if only for the sake of its magnificent font of brass. The church attracts notice at a distance by two western towers finished with that peculiar capping, so rare in England, so common in Germany, the finish of Sompting in Sussex and of St. Castor at Coblenz. But the towers do not, like those at Coblenz, rise free from the ground. They simply crown a vast square mass covered with Romanesque arcading—save where Jesuits, or people of Jesuitical tastes, have laid their hands upon it—which forms the west front of the church. This way of making a west front take the form of a huge, flat, and rather shapeless wall, seems to have been the fashion of the Leodian Romanesque. This appears in an elaborate shape in the church of the Benedictine Abbey of St. James, a foundation of Bishop Baldric the Second, who sat—if sitting is a proper phrase for a prelate who fought like Odo—from 1008 to 1018, and whose effigy of far later date may be seen within the church. This large square mass is doubtless the work of the founder, or at any rate the completion of his design. On it is perched a small octagon tower of later Romanesque, which again is swallowed up by the great and

famous fabric of the sixteenth century. A third front of the same class, of much ruder work without, but with a good piece of vaulting from a central pillar within, is found at St. Denis, another church whose church is hopelessly Jesuited, while its choir has given way to a lofty apse of the best German Gothic. The church of St. John again still keeps a tower whose lower portion is Romanesque, a massive structure supported by bold round turrets which local belief attributes to the famous Notger. At all events the church retains the traces of very early arrangements. To the west of the tower is a cortile reminding us of the great St. Ambrose, though in a far later style. And the church itself, though rebuilt in the last century, still preserves the plan of the Imperial Minster at Aachen. As at Aachen, the choir, the octagon, and the ancient tower, stand all together without being fused into one whole, and beyond all lies the cortile. In all this we may feel pretty sure that we have the original arrangements of Notger, though there may be little or nothing left of his actual work.

But, strictly as works of art, the two most attractive churches in the city are the Abbey of St. James, already mentioned, and the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, which was raised to cathedral rank instead of the fallen St. Lambert on the restoration of Christianity under Buonaparte. Setting aside a poor western tower, which was patched up out of fragments of St. Lambert and another destroyed church, the present cathedral is a good example of a second-class church of the German Gothic of the fourteenth century. But as such it has many fellows. More interesting in the history of art, though less pure in its actual style, is the splendid building attached to the remains of the ancient St. James. The choir and the shallow transepts show the latest style of Gothic in its richest form. In its elaborate vault, in its arches dripping with foliations in a sort of Alhambra fashion, it may be called fantastic and over-done, but it is still pure; nothing positively inconsistent with the style has thrust itself in. In the nave this is no longer the case; in the spandrels of the arches figures and ornaments of an un-Gothic character begin to show themselves, which mark the first stage of the Jesuiting process, which has otherwise spared St. James, but which has been so ruthlessly carried out in some of its neighbours. Among these last we may give one glance to the church of St. Christopher. The date assigned to the surviving original portions is 1179, but its windows look more like those of the English Gothic of the first half of the next century. Its ranges of columns, broken by a single pair of square piers, might seem to have come from a Lucchese basilica, but the capitals have a savour of Lisioux.

The history of the Walloon city is, as we have seen, the history of struggles between the prince bishops and the citizens. In the end, the citizens have triumphed. St. Lambert, the home of the sovereign prelate and his lordly chapter, has vanished from the earth. St. James, the ecclesiastical home of the commune, where the civic charters were kept, and where the burgomaster took his oath of office, still keeps its place, not first in formal rank, but first in general splendour and attractiveness among the churches of the city. We will end with a fragment, of which we do not profess to construe every word, in which a modern Walloon poet records the overthrow of St. Lambert;

Alfin totafait tom;
Eta, monamin, om,
Alfin töt deä mori;
L'antick klok è fondow,
Li tour cest abatow,
Et ses rwen'ont péri!

LIVINGSTONE INTERVIEWED.

THE expedition of the *New York Herald* into the interior of Africa marks the beginning of a new phase in the development of the Special Correspondent. Mr. Stanley's letters, of which a summary has just been published, possess no geographical value, and there is no proof that he saw Dr. Livingstone except his own assertion, which may be taken for what it is worth. It is interesting, however, to read the adventures of a Special Correspondent who went out to Africa and got up battles in order to describe them. This is a new field of newspaper enterprise. We have often reflected with profound commiseration on the condition of a "Special" who has distinguished himself during war, when peace comes, and there is no more carnage for him to chronicle in his brilliant and tasteful way; when his convivial evenings with Moltke, his walks with Bismarck, and his talks with the dear old Kaiser suddenly come to an end, and he subsides once more from the intimate society of great warriors and princes into the obscurity of private life. This fitful greatness is hard to bear; and it is all the harder inasmuch as the "Special" cannot, when his hours of greatness are over, coil himself up like a boa constrictor after a full meal, or a bear in the winter, and sleep till there is another war and he is wanted again. Special Correspondents must live like other men, and in order to live they must get a living. We have some recollection of once reading in a French paper an account of the way in which the literary department of the *Times* is managed. The Editor spends a considerable part of his time in meditating on what are likely to be the great questions of the hour five or ten years hence. He then selects a number of competent writers, endows them with a handsome salary, and allotting to each a subject, instructs them to proceed with their investigations until the moment arrives when they will be called upon to put the result into

writing. The consequence is that the *Times* is never taken by surprise. Whatever question may turn up, the Editor has always somebody within reach who has been making it the business of his life to master it in every aspect and in all its details, and who is ready to be tapped of his accumulated information whenever it is required. The French journalist to whom we were indebted for this information added that at every hour of the day and night there was always at least one Special Correspondent on duty in the office, fully equipped for a journey, with his portmanteau in a fleet Hansom waiting at the door, and ready to start for the ends of the earth at a moment's notice. Possibly the other newspapers have not yet followed the example of the *Times* in this respect; at least, they seem to find more constant employment for their Correspondents, who are not allowed to eat their heads off in idleness or in the preparation of great articles for publication at some distant period. The consequence is, that when there are no wars going on, the unfortunate Correspondents are expected to spin their weary yarns all the same, and to make as much as they can of a little Volunteer inspection, or a charity school tea-fight, or gudgeon fishing in the Thames, as if it were a great historical event of the first importance. Dirt, it has been said, is only matter in a wrong place, and we must confess that it has sometimes struck us that the activity of the indefatigable Correspondent might be more usefully employed than in magnifying little things into great things, and investing the most trivial incidents of every-day life with the glorified hues of his vivid and highly cultivated imagination. The revolting sensationalism of some of the letters from Sandringham during the Prince of Wales's illness has perhaps not been forgotten; and we fancy that poor Hodge, who lately found himself illuminated in a sudden and unexpected manner, simply because Parliament was up and the papers wanted padding, has no reason to be grateful to the "Specials" who did their best to excite extravagant expectations, and to make bad blood between him and his employers. The success which has attended the *New York Herald's* African expedition will perhaps suggest a similar expedient to some of our contemporaries. It is obvious that there is a fine field for the "Special" in Africa, and we shall be neither sorry nor surprised to hear that there has been a general rush of "Our Owns" in that direction.

Mr. Stanley, the Special Correspondent of the *Herald*, deserves credit for the brilliant idea of at once making and recording history. Mr. Disraeli is said to have remarked in early life that when he wanted to read a book he wrote one; and Mr. Stanley when he is at a loss for a subject for a letter sets to work to do something worth writing about. It may be said that it is an important homage to historical truth that a Correspondent of the *New York Herald* should think it necessary that an event should actually happen in order that he may describe it, but the process is not unknown in India. When a Hindu wants to get up an elaborate course of false swearing, he always takes care to have a rehearsal with his associates of all the circumstances which are to be alleged to have occurred. In this way an air of exactness and reality is given to the narrative which could not otherwise have occurred. It appears from the summary of Mr. Stanley's despatches which has just been published in this country, that he left Zanzibar on the 23rd of January last year, at the head of a large caravan, the numbers of which were reduced by sickness before he reached Unyanyembe. He was pushing on for Ujiji when he found that Mirambo, the King of Ujowa, had announced that no caravan should pass that way except over his body. We do not know what opportunity His Majesty may have had of studying British melodrama, but his language is exactly that of villains or heroes on the stage. Mr. Stanley, no doubt seeing his way to a thrilling letter on the subject, at once accepted the challenge, and resolved to conduct his caravan over Mirambo's body. In forming this resolution prudence was mingled with valour. The Arabs had declared war against Mirambo, and "as they appeared to be confident of victory, and determined to fight well, Mr. Stanley judged that the better course was for him to combine with them in attacking the King of Ujowa." Accordingly he joined forces with them, and the first day all went well for the allies, who succeeded in surprising three of Mirambo's villages, and captured, killed, and drove away the inhabitants. Next day Mr. Stanley caught a fever, and was carried back to Unyanyembe, and the Arabs, in a rash attack on Mirambo, were drawn into an ambush, and routed with great slaughter. On the fourth day the Arabs scattered in all directions, and Mr. Stanley's own bodyguard joined in the *saute qui peut*. Having somewhat recovered from the fever, and hearing that Mirambo meditated an aggressive movement, the courageous Correspondent collected all the fugitives he could find, to the number of one hundred and fifty, barricaded the town, hoisted the American flag, and awaited events. But nothing happened. Mirambo took another road, and left Unyanyembe unmolested, under the protection of the stars and stripes. It now occurred to the Correspondent that he had better leave the Arabs to fight their own battles, and try to reach Ujiji by a more northerly route—in fact, to dodge Mirambo instead of going over the despot's body. To this the Arabs demurred, "doubtless from selfish motives," and as they could not intimidate Mr. Stanley, they tried the effect of "extraordinary tales" on his followers. Of these the Correspondent has no doubt made a collection for the benefit of his readers in New York, but at present all we know of them is that the tales produced a strong effect on those who heard them, and

Mr. Stanley, deserted by his only European companion, an Englishman, who was perhaps a rival Correspondent in disguise and anxious to be first home with the "extraordinary tales," had great difficulty in obtaining bearers for his luggage or an escort. After a long and perilous journey through an unknown desert, where he was seriously threatened by the rapacious chiefs of hostile tribes, he at length reached Ujiji in the beginning of November. He was anxious, he says, to enter the African town with as much *éclat* as possible, and he therefore disposed his little band in such a manner as to form "a somewhat imposing procession." At the head was borne the American flag; next came the armed escort, firing their muskets as rapidly as possible; then the baggage men, horses, and asses; and last, not least, the great Correspondent himself. The discharge of firearms naturally aroused the inhabitants, and it is perhaps a wonder that they did not fall into some misapprehension as to the object of a visit heralded in this warlike manner. As it happened, they took it all in good part, "filling the air with deafening shouts, and beating violently on their rude musical instruments."

We now approach the most affecting and impressive incident in the narrative—the meeting of the Correspondent and Livingstone. Mr. Stanley's bearing on this occasion proves the high conception he had formed of his duty as the representative, not only of the *New York Herald*, but of Western civilization. As the procession entered the town he observed among a group of Arabs "a pale-looking, grey-bearded, white man, clad in a red woollen jacket, with a naval cap with a faded gilt band round it." He recognized Livingstone at once, and his first impulse was to rush forward and fling himself into the arms of the great traveller. But he checked himself with the reflection that the Arabs, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, would think meanly of a man who showed he had any. So he resolved to exhibit no symptom of rejoicing or excitement. Slowly advancing towards the Doctor, he bowed and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" To this the Doctor, "fully equal to the occasion," simply smiled and replied "Yes." After this no one can say that the heroism of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race is extinct. Nothing can be finer than this spectacle of two great men saluting each other in the heart of Africa with the elegant composure and cautious civility of the best circles at home. It is said that a well-known general who lived for some years in the backwoods of Canada used to make a point of dressing every day for dinner in his log-hut lest he should cease to appreciate the refinements of civilization. It does not appear that Dr. Livingstone invariably dines in a white tie and dress-coat, but it is satisfactory to know that in his meeting with Mr. Stanley he was "fully equal to the occasion." Here is indeed a bond of international brotherhood between the two great nations which speak a common tongue, and all the rest of it, and we may expect that some of our gushing journalists will not fail to do justice to the event, and to suggest that after this all differences between the United States and Great Britain should be buried in oblivion. Mr. Stanley reports that Livingstone looked strong and well, and has satisfied himself that the Chambezi (not to be confounded with the Portuguese Zambezi) is the head-quarters of the Nile, but there is a gap of some hundred and eighty miles between the point on the Chambezi at which, on account of a mutiny among his men and want of stores, he had to suspend his exploration of that river, and the part of the Nile already traced. Until he has completed this exploration, which may take from sixteen to eighteen months, but Mr. Stanley thinks more, he does not mean to quit Africa.

There seems to be a general disposition to accept Mr. Stanley's story as true; but it will be prudent to wait until Dr. Livingstone's own letters, which are said to be on the way, arrive, before placing implicit confidence in this remarkable narrative. It is possible Mr. Stanley may have seen Livingstone; but it is odd that he should have found it so easy to get to and from Ujiji and to send on letters, and that Livingstone himself should have found no means of communicating with his friends for several years. If he actually saw Livingstone, it would appear that Livingstone had no confidence in him, and told him as little as possible, and did not allow him to read the letters with which he entrusted him. It will be observed that the greater part of his account of Livingstone's adventures in the interior is only a confused and blundering reproduction of the Doctor's own despatches to the Geographical Society before he disappeared. Mr. Stanley's geographical information is a hopeless muddle, which it would be a waste of time to analyse. For our own part, we see no reason at present either to believe or disbelieve the story. There is nothing improbable in the meeting between Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone; but unless Mr. Stanley is very different from the general run of Correspondents for the *Herald*, it is quite conceivable that he may have made up the whole thing out of his own head. It is unfortunate that the *Herald* should have acquired such a reputation for itself, but it is its own fault.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT ON THE JESUITS.

IT has been sedulously reported of late in Ultramontane circles that Count Montalembert before his death signified his intention of submitting to the decisions of the Vatican Synod, whatever they might be. The report is one which, to say the least, requires confirmation, when we remember the latest recorded utterances of the veteran leader of Liberal Catholicism in France.

Montalembert died in March 1870, when the Council had been sitting for more than three months, and there was no longer any reason for doubt that the question of Papal infallibility would be forced on its notice; indeed the *Schema de Primatu* was already in the hands of the assembled Fathers. It was therefore with the subject definitely before his mind that he wrote what he did write during the last fortnight of his life. And our readers may recollect—for we referred to his words at the time—that he spoke in the strongest terms of his detestation of the Ultramontane policy, and his warm sympathy for the noble band of priests and bishops who were struggling against it at Rome; expressing his deep regret that failing health prevented his being able himself to enter into the arena, and adding that the real discussion would begin when the debate in Council was over, and the decrees so urgently desired by the dominant party were carried. He even spoke of "the idol erected at the Vatican," and said that the idol might remain but the shrine would be deserted. So clearly did Pius IX. appreciate the force of his sentiments that he seized an opportunity, before the body of the departed statesman was yet in the grave, to pronounce what may be called an elaborate malediction on his memory, and went so far as to forbid the ordinary funeral rites, which are not refused to the worst criminal who dies in communion with the Church, being solemnized at Rome. After all this, it is rather surprising to be told that the Count died a prospective infallibilist, and we naturally ask for some proof of so startling an assertion. None, however, has been produced beyond the *ipse dixit* of those who make it. Nor is this all. Montalembert left what may be called his ecclesiastical testament in the shape of two essays—on the Roman Jesuits, and on the "palinodies effrontées" of Rome—which were sent to the *Correspondant*, then the professed organ of the French Liberal Catholics, and refused admission by the editor. The papers were therefore left in the hands of his executors, who have carefully refrained from publishing them, while asserting on their own authority that he changed his opinions before his death. The Abbé Michaud, who was an intimate friend of Montalembert's, has openly charged them with falsehood, and challenged them to publish the documents left in their hands; but the challenge remains unanswered. Meanwhile, extracts from one of these papers, on the Jesuits, have come to light, and have just been published—of course without the sanction of the executors—in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

There was an obvious motive for such a publication in Germany at the present moment in connexion with the recent law against the Jesuits. For Montalembert's criticism has a direct bearing on the political action of the Society, and it may be remembered that the President of the Imperial Chancery, Herr Delbrück, on recapitulating in the Reichstag the grounds of the Government for proposing the measure, insisted on this point. He emphatically disclaimed in the name of the German Governments the notion of identifying the Society with the Catholic Church, which he described as "an arbitrary perversion of notorious facts, the more to be deplored as it might serve to deprive the measure in circles outside this assembly of its true character, and impress on it another which it does not possess." He proceeded to argue that the Empire was menaced, and felt this measure to be indispensable for its security, dwelling especially on the necessity of guarding the newly established Constitution from internal as well as foreign enemies; and "among these internal enemies an Order is to be reckoned which, while furnished with great intellectual and material means, and endowed with a rare organization, steadily pursues a fixed inimical aim." The charge will of course be scouted by the whole Ultramontane party as a mere hypocritical subterfuge or a fresh illustration of Protestant fanaticism. It is interesting therefore to see what light may be thrown on it incidentally by the impartial testimony of a distinguished French Catholic, proud alike of his loyalty to his country and to his Church. Montalembert had always zealously vindicated the rights of the Jesuits, especially in matters of education, on the broad principle of religious liberty, and this gives the greater force to his protest. He is dealing especially with the Roman Jesuits, the conductors of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which is the approved organ of the Papal Court; and he says that, after being engaged through life in pleading the cause of the Order, which had been persecuted in France and in Spain, he must make a reserve as to the Roman Jesuits, who, in defending the Church and the Holy See, "are daily outraging reason, justice, and honour." The "monstrous articles of the *Civiltà*" will no longer allow him to keep silence. If the principles thus manifested are to prevail, "the Church cannot co-exist with any modern liberty," and Renan was perfectly right in saying that a Liberal Catholic or a Catholic Liberal must be either a hypocrite or a fool, and that those who vindicated for the Jesuits liberty of education in France, on the ground of religious toleration, were not acting in good faith, and were legitimate objects of ridicule equally to consistent Catholics and consistent Liberals. According to the *Civiltà* there is no better way of serving the cause of Catholicism in the present day than to reproduce and justify, by the authority of Popes and Saints, all the worst examples of persecution in former ages, such as Pius V.'s instructions to his nuncio in Spain to deprecate Philip II.'s mildness and laxity in the temporal punishment of heretics. It must be loudly and openly proclaimed that all modern liberties are false, pernicious, and "deadly in their effects"; that liberty is—not in its excess, but in its own nature—a spiritual pest and madness; that all liberty of the press, of conscience, and of worship is *per se* essentially evil; and that this is also true of all the liberties, charters, and emancipations of modern society,

On these doctrines Montalembert observes that when he and his friends claimed for the Church and for the Jesuits, in the French Chamber, liberty of association and of teaching, it was precisely in the name of these modern liberties and by virtue of them that they did so. And he appeals to the words of the good and pious Father Ravignan, who was a barrister before he became a Jesuit:—"As a Frenchman I have believed in the liberty of my country; I count on the liberty of conscience assured us by the law and the solemn promise of the Charter, and maintain that it is a reality here, as it is in England, Belgium, and the United States." When the Jesuit colleges were reopened in France in 1850, it was by insisting before the Assembly on the text of the Republican Constitution, which guarantees to all citizens equal protection in the exercise of their worship and freedom of association and teaching, that he and his colleagues won the victory. Clearly they were all wrong then, and M. Renan was right in asserting that Catholicism and the Jesuits are incompatible with liberty. But it is a pity that those who have been profiting by the general principle successfully urged in their favour for the last twenty years had not apparently discovered at the time the radical mistake which their advocates were committing. The writer adds that now, when he is long past the age of passionate emotion, "*à la lecture de ces palinodies effrontées, j'en ai rougi jusqu'au blanc des yeux et frémir jusqu'au bout des ongles.*" He considers the tone now adopted by the Jesuits in particular towards the champions and the contests to which they owe their present position unworthy of religious or honourable men. It may be theological orthodoxy, but it is certainly bad faith. And a very little common sense might have sufficed to remind them of the extreme unwisdom of the line they are taking. Had a single Jesuit taught in 1848 or 1850 what the *Cicilia* teaches now, they may be very sure that no Jesuit college would have been allowed to be opened in France, nor a single French soldier sent to Rome to restore the Temporal Power. And as to the future, without any pretensions to prophecy, one may safely affirm that many a Jesuit on both sides of the Atlantic will have ample cause to deplore the doctrines now maintained in the official organ of the Company. Montalembert, indeed, would be no party to the policy of applying their own principles to themselves, but they could not justly complain if Liberal Governments were to take them at their word and suppress them. For himself, he would concede liberty to its adversaries as much as to its friends, and "inflict it on those who deny and culminate it, as their only fitting penalty." Liberty is for one's opponents, especially if they are weak, and on both accounts should be conceded to the Jesuits. Liberty for all is a dear and holy principle, "and if I pass for an old fool and dotard, and, what is worse, for a triple heretic, that shall be to my last sigh the cry of my conscience and my heart." He adds that the principles of these Jesuit enaists are inhuman, pitiless, and detestable, but that happily they have no power of applying them, and he does not believe they would do so if they could. But their way of serving the Church is remarkable. They treat it as wild beasts are treated in a menagerie, where they are exhibited in iron cages, but we are bidden to inspect their claws and teeth, and to remember that, if ever they got out, they would make free use of them.

It is clear from the last paragraph that Montalembert, if he were still alive, would not have approved Prince Bismarck's policy, but it is also clear that he would have told the Jesuits they had only themselves to thank for it. He has in fact almost predicted the fate they have now drawn on themselves. Whether the proposed expulsion, supposing it to be justifiable, will be effective, and whether, if strictly enforced, it may not do more to enhance their moral than to cripple their material resources, by investing them in the eyes of the vulgar with a seeming halo of martyrdom, are questions which need not be entered upon here. No doubt if the successor of Pius IX. could be induced to repeat the policy of Clement XIV., both the Church and the world would be gainers. But expulsion from Germany or Italy by the civil power is a different thing from the formal and final suppression of the Order.

DILKE'S DOMESDAY BOOK

WE do not know whether the *Comic Blackstone* included the law of real property, but if it did not, Sir Charles Dilke is fully qualified to compose a supplement which might maintain the grotesque character of that work. Besides his earlier titles to distinction he will henceforth be remembered as the author of the most absurd Bill that was ever brought into the House of Commons. His proposal sounds like a dreary joke. There is to be an overseer appointed who is to take charge of what the Bill calls "public lands." The definition given in the Bill would include three contiguous estates which belong respectively to the Foundling Hospital and to Rugby and Tunbridge Schools. The preamble of the Bill recites that "the concurrent management" of such contiguous estates would afford means for effecting great public improvement, and much of the labour required for the same might be advantageously undertaken by co-operative associations of workmen if reasonable facilities were given them. We have heard much of the benefits conferred on the nation by public schools, but this is the first time that it has been, to our knowledge, suggested that their estates ought to be managed for the encouragement of co-operative societies. The "public improve-

ment" which the Bill contemplates has apparently nothing to do with learning, or morals, or manners, but rather with the opening of new streets or the building of splendid edifices which may or may not yield a return upon the outlay. An overseer of large mind and cultivated taste might easily absorb the revenues of Rugby or Tunbridge School for many years to come. The overseer is to be "qualified by experience," and he is to fulfil the duties of "registrar, steward, surveyor, receiver, and general agent and manager" for the bodies of trustees or governors of the Schools. It is a pity that when Parliament took such trouble a few years ago to pass an Act regulating Public Schools, Sir Charles Dilke did not come forward with his comprehensive scheme of management. There would have been perhaps this objection to his plan, that while the Governing Bodies were arranging for the disposal of the income of the schools, an overseer would, by magnificent undertakings for the encouragement of co-operative societies, have improved their incomes quite away. These awful functionaries are to be elected in the first instance by the "administering bodies" of "public lands"—that is, by the trustees or governors of schools, colleges, or hospitals; but vacancies are to be filled by the appointment of persons whose qualifications are tested by previous examination. It might happen that a clever head-boy might by success in an examination suddenly find himself elected to a post immeasurably greater than that of the head-master of the school from which he came, since he would hold the purse out of which the head-master would be paid. It is expressly provided by the Bill that the overseer should manage the property of endowed schools, so that while Lord Lyttelton's Commission is settling how these schools shall spend their money, Sir Charles Dilke's overseers will arrange that there shall be none to spend. The Bill, however, exempts the buildings in which the school is actually carried on, and also glebe lands attached to any benefice if the incumbent shall signify, as he probably would, that he elects to retain it in his own management.

The next provision of the Bill is even more astounding than those on which we have already commented. Landlords are to choose tenants on the principle of the more the merrier. When, on putting up land to let, tenders shall be equal, preference is to be given to that tender from the acceptance whereof the greatest number of persons will be likely to become interested in the tenancy. Thus a co-operative or industrial association is to be preferred to an individual offering the same rent, and this without regard to the question which is likely to pay most regularly. If the overseer should be of opinion that, "having regard to the public and general benefit aforesaid," any tender ought to be accepted, and if the administering body would very much rather not, the matter is to be referred to the Local Government Board, who may appoint an arbitrator, and his decision is to be binding. Apparently the question of the solvency of the proposed tenants would be put aside as irrelevant. Subdivision, which has been denounced as mischievous in Ireland, is to be carried in England to an extent before undreamed of. An Irish landlord permitted, or at least did not entirely resist, the sub-letting of land held under him, which was usually not inconsistent with his getting the rent paid by somebody, but in England "administering bodies" are to be compelled to adopt subdivision as beneficial to the nation, and are forbidden to consider its pecuniary effect upon themselves. The overseer is to pay over to the "administering bodies" the rents and profits of their lands, retaining a percentage for his service. The respectable persons whose functions and profits would be usurped by the overseer, were probably not seriously alarmed by the introduction of Sir Charles Dilke's Bill. It is evident to us that he has been born before his time, and he produces Bills which are even more premature, and, if we may say so, half-baked than himself. There are to be maps with descriptive reports of all "public lands," and copies are to be supplied to elementary schools "in aid of economical, historical, or technical instruction." The overseer is to report annually on the condition of all "public lands," and is to enter into various considerations, among which the interest of the landlords, or those for whom they are trustees, is conspicuously absent. New communications, roads or streets, irrigation, or drainage works, and opportunities for promoting the public benefit, are all to be considered, apparently without regard to that question, which is usually the first of all questions—namely, whether the proposed works will pay.

Another portion of this wonderful Bill relates to commons, which are also to be placed under the supervision of the "overseer." But we rather think that he would find this department of his work too much for him. He is to ascertain from the best evidence he can gather the situation, extent, and boundaries of commons, together with the rights, usages, and customs relating thereto, and he is also to inquire "in what manner the several rights in such commons may be most profitably exercised." He might, for example, report that several geese or another pig might be fed upon a particular common. This at least is what the Bill appears to mean. The commoner is to be instructed how he ought to exercise his right of common. If any "public interest" in any public land or common is likely to be endangered by non-assertion or exclusion, the overseer shall cause notice to be put up of the public right thereto; and if necessary he shall certify the particulars thereof to the Attorney-General, who shall thereupon take such proceedings as he may deem necessary. It is not stated whether the landowner will be at liberty to take down the notices which the overseer has put up. The Attorney-General would be at liberty to institute any proceedings against a landowner which

he thought fit, and the costs would be paid either by the landowner if he failed in resisting the proceedings, or by the county rate to which the landowner contributes if he succeeded. The overseer would have, with respect to public lands and commons, all the powers of inquiry and examination of witnesses and documents that ever were conferred on any Parliamentary Commission, so that in case of litigation with a landowner the first step would be to look into his title-deeds. If any land in the overseer's district be offered for sale, and he thinks the purchase would be for the public advantage, he may buy it, and it may be paid for by the sale of any Government securities held under the Charitable Trusts Act, 1853; although there may not be any connexion whatever between the district to be benefited and the charities which are to be plundered for that purpose. The Bill might just as well provide that the purchase-money for these desirable lands should be supplied by the sale of Consols belonging to private holders, to be determined by lot. The administering body of any charity may adopt the land purchased with their money as an investment—that is, we suppose, if they please; but if they do not please, it is by no means clear what will happen. It is, however, only too clear that their stock will have been sold out, and that land which is thought to be of public advantage will have been bought with it.

The first and most important duty of the overseer would be to prepare "a new Domesday Book," as Sir Charles Dilke calls it, of all the estates in his district. He would then prepare a map and "disseminate the information thus obtained." Children in elementary schools are to have the opportunity of acquiring this most dry and dreary of all that is called useful knowledge. An ordinary school-book of geography would be pleasant reading compared with the compilations of overseers, which would resemble the least readable parts of the blue-books of the Charity and Endowed Schools Commissioners. The promoters of the Bill hold that it is desirable that as large a number of persons as possible should have an interest in the soil, "and the measure would afford various facilities for that purpose without coming into collision with the principles of political economy." It is probably immaterial, in the view of Sir Charles Dilke, that it would come into collision with the rights or privileges of individuals or communities who have hitherto enjoyed the advantages of schools, colleges, and hospitals established in their neighbourhoods. Another speaker in support of the Bill said, that one of its objects was to enable working-men co-operating together to meet the prejudices of a social kind which existed against them in trying to acquire land. We do not know whether it is a prejudice of a social kind to hold that a working-man who desires to acquire land ought to pay for it, but that at any rate is our opinion; and we hold further that landowners, whether Corporations or individuals, ought not, except under very special circumstances, to be forced to sell even at a good price. The House of Commons being invited to pass this Bill by way of "meeting communism half way," responded in effect that it had no desire to meet communism at all. When Sir Charles Dilke has abolished monarchy and proprietary rights, it will be time enough to begin the compilation of a Domesday Book. By that time perhaps the New Forest will have been brought under the plough or spade, and Sir Charles Dilke will be so far a conqueror that he will have made England very like a desert.

PERILS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

GOOD sometimes comes of evil, and when a great disaster has happened and cannot be remedied, the most philosophical course, after everything has been done to relieve the sufferers, is to consider what amount of compensation can be extracted from it in the way of warning or instruction for the future. The collapse of the Albert and European Life Assurance Companies, with a deficiency in the one case of nearly, and in the other of more than, a million, is about as ugly and venomous-looking a toad as can well be imagined; yet it is possible that it may be found to wear a precious jewel in its head. Should it prove to be the means of making people reflect seriously on the meaning and conditions of life assurance, and of enabling them to understand the limits within which certainty can reasonably be expected and safety secured, there will be an important public gain to set off against private losses. For the present, the result of the failure of those Companies has been not only to impoverish and ruin a great many unfortunate persons under circumstances of peculiar hardship and cruelty, but also to bring life assurance in general into some discredit. It is estimated that there has lately been a falling off of something like ten per cent. in the amount of business annually transacted by the Life Assurance Offices; and it is natural that successive disasters of great magnitude should produce a feeling of uneasiness and distrust. It is hard that the sound offices, of which there are many, should thus be made to suffer for the rotten ones; but if there were nothing more in question than the profits of Assurance Companies, the matter might be left to right itself in the course of time. It must be borne in mind, however, that so much less done in life assurance means so much less provision for the future on the part of the community. It does not follow that money is wasted when it is withdrawn or withheld from this particular mode of investment, but in any case a deduction of ten per cent. from the assurances of a year represents a serious deduction from the providence of the country. It will be admitted that it is a

good thing that this kind of providence should be encouraged as far as possible; that, if there is any unreasonable distrust, it should be removed; and that, if the distrust is well founded, the grounds of it should be clearly exhibited so that people may learn to judge for themselves, and to discriminate between good offices and bad. So far, it may be assumed, there will be general agreement. The only question is as to the means by which this result may best be promoted. It has been suggested that a *post-mortem* examination of the defunct Companies might perhaps be instructive; and Mr. Cave, first by a Bill, then by a motion, in the House of Commons, withdrawing each in turn, proposed that this examination should be entrusted to a body of special Commissioners. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought that it would be more conveniently and satisfactorily performed by a Committee of the House. The real point of difference between Mr. Cave and the Government did not, however, come very distinctly to the surface in the course of the debate. There can be no doubt, from the tone of Mr. Cave's speech, that he is anxious to bring to justice the persons who are responsible for the gross misrepresentations and misappropriations which are alleged to have caused the ruin of the Albert and European Companies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the other hand, felt that the appointment of a Commission to do the work of a court of law might establish an awkward precedent. The question, he said, arose with regard to the acts of a body of persons who were alleged to have grossly misconducted themselves. If they had brought themselves within the law, the law should see to it. If they had kept on the safe side of the law, it would be in the highest degree dangerous to supersede the ordinary machinery for prosecuting offences, and to appoint a special tribunal, armed with power to inquire into the matter and to search it to the bottom. We must say that on this point we are disposed to agree with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not desirable that Parliament should take upon itself to supersede the ordinary tribunals by special Courts appointed either by itself or by the Government, for a temporary and limited purpose, and armed with exceptional and arbitrary powers. It is true that Commissions of this kind have more than once been appointed. The Commission to inquire into the Trade Union outrages at Sheffield is a case in point; but these were outrages of a peculiarly monstrous character which were continually occurring, and which had baffled all inquiries conducted in an ordinary manner. And, in the next place, the Commission was authorised to offer immunity to witnesses who confessed their crimes.

The Government, while objecting to the appointment of a quasi-judicial Commission for the purpose of seeking out and bringing to punishment the persons who were responsible for the disasters of the Albert and European Companies, have undertaken to institute a general inquiry into the causes of these failures; and it remains to be seen in what form the inquiry will be conducted. The broad facts of the history of the two Offices are pretty well established. Their funds were squandered in ruinous amalgamations; as their responsibilities increased, their means of meeting them diminished; and it is now known that for some time before they finally collapsed they were utterly and hopelessly insolvent. In the case of Overend, Gurney, and Co. (Limited), it was held that the directors, although they committed a serious indiscretion in concealing the embarrassed condition of the business transferred to them, did not intend to defraud the public; they had faith in the speculation, and believed that, with the aid of fresh capital, it could be made highly profitable. The officials and directors of the Albert and European Companies would no doubt justify their conduct by a similar plea. It may be said that the business of a Life Assurance Office is very different from the business of a discount bank; that the latter is a speculative business, whereas the former is, or professes to be, a matter of fixed and certain calculation. Undoubtedly there ought to be nothing speculative in a well-conducted Assurance Office, but it has not yet been determined that *bond fide* speculation on the part of an Assurance Office is a criminal act. If it could be shown that in any case the officials of an Assurance Company knowingly and deliberately, and for their own personal profit, purchased on behalf of their Company a worthless or insolvent business, with heavy liabilities attaching to it, the natural course would be to bring such a case under the notice of the law officers of the Crown; and if the evidence was strong, they would be bound, we think, to prosecute the accused persons. But it would obviously be very difficult to bring home such a charge, especially as actuaries appear to be very like other experts, and the opinion of one can always be got on any side of any question to answer the opinion of another. Mr. Cave mentioned that five weeks before the failure of the European a surplus of 95,000*l.* was reported upon the accounts down to the end of 1869 by the Government Actuary. It is one of the great difficulties of life assurance that there is hardly a question upon which actuaries are agreed. They differ as to the proper rate of interest, as to the tables of mortality, as to the amount of "loading," and on almost every other point. Under cover of these discrepancies and contradictions there is room for the wildest speculations. At the same time, there is no doubt a point at which all competent persons must agree that an Assurance Office is hopelessly insolvent, and that is, when the money which is required to meet future liabilities is being rapidly absorbed to pay current claims. It cannot be denied that the persons who were induced to insure their lives in the Albert or European during the later years of its

existence were grossly and shamefully deceived, and, in a sense, swindled, inasmuch as the money which was taken from them was applied not, as it ought to have been, to making provision for meeting their policies when they fell in, but to other purposes. A general inquiry into the working of these Companies will not perhaps throw much new light on life assurance problems; but it will be a good thing in itself to get at the secret history of the amalgamations, and the names of the gentlemen who negotiated them for a handsome consideration. After this they would either have to stop their game, which they are said to be renewing, or to carry it on under other names. Sir J. Lubbock promptly exposed Mr. Sheridan's absurd theory that Assurance Offices can be brought down by "wrecking." It is impossible to get up a run on an Assurance Office as on a bank. People are not likely to indulge their malevolence to the extent of dying in order to injure the office in which their lives are assured, and Mr. Sheridan can hardly mean to suggest that the wreckers go to work like Thugs and kill off policy-holders. If policy-holders cease to pay their annual premiums, it is rather a gain than a loss to the Company; and the terms on which policies are surrendered are also supposed to be remunerative.

Mr. Lowe once threw out a hint that he was favourable to a comprehensive scheme of Government assurances; and Mr. Cave has urged him to consider whether he could not make a beginning in this way for the benefit of the army and navy. There are some obvious objections to the intervention of the State in matters of this kind, and the powerful interests which are certain to be arrayed against such a project render it highly improbable that the Government will commit themselves to it in a hurry. It is impossible not to see, however, that the perils, vicissitudes, and disasters of life assurance as at present conducted tend to bring the system into discredit and to discourage providence. A Committee of the House of Commons which investigated the subject in 1852 reported that new Companies were constantly being "brought into existence with no reasonable prospect of, or guarantee for, success, and frequently without any *bona fide* intention of transacting business." And if another Committee were now to resume the inquiry, its report would hardly be more satisfactory. It would appear that more than half of the Assurance Companies that are brought out are mere speculative ventures which are started for the sake of a little plunder in the shape of "promotion expenses," and on the chance of an amalgamation profitable to the officials and wire-pullers. Of those Companies which get something like a footing in the world only a small proportion survive more than a few years. The Friendly or Benefit Societies of the working classes, which are to them what Assurance Offices are to the middle classes, are in a still worse condition. The Royal Commission which is inquiring into this subject has just published another batch of evidence which is anything but cheerful. One of the officers of the Order of Foresters admits that there are hundreds of branches connected with the association which are insolvent, but which still continue to take in new members and to receive subscriptions, and to hold out the hope of future benefits which they have no means of providing. Mr. F. G. Neison, the actuary, confirms this statement. He will not go so far as Lord Lyttelton in saying that there are not twenty Friendly Societies in a sound condition in the country. But he asserts that undoubtedly a large majority of them are insolvent, and must sooner or later collapse. It would seem that the calculations on which the Friendly Societies are based are in most cases erroneous, that they are managed in a loose, reckless way, and that they lead a sort of hand to mouth existence, which is liable at any moment to be abruptly terminated by want of funds. The Post Office annuities and assurances hardly meet the wants of the working classes, who find it necessary to provide for themselves during sickness as well as for their families after death. The Post Office system might perhaps be popularized and expanded in some respects; but it is difficult to see how the Government, or any public body, could undertake to administer relief in sickness. In a private Society, the members act in some degree as a check on each other, and there is a chance of imposition being detected, but a public body would have no such protection. The whole question is a most important one, and deserves serious consideration. As far as the Assurance Companies are concerned, Mr. Cave's Act for compelling them to register their accounts in an authentic and detailed form will doubtless have a good effect. The managers of Companies will be afraid to expose themselves to the consequences of sending in fictitious or imperfect returns, and they will be aware that the statements in their rose-coloured prospectuses and Reports can be compared with the black and white figures at the Board of Trade. On the other hand, the registered accounts will do mischief if too much reliance is placed on them, and if it is assumed that a Company must necessarily be in a good condition because it can show certain large balances. As Mr. Lowe remarked, the great danger of life assurance is, that at first money is pouring in abundantly and that the liabilities are postponed; there is a large fund in hand, and whenever there is a fund there is temptation. While receipts are flowing in, future obligations are apt to be ignored. In order to judge of the soundness of a Company, it is necessary to ascertain that the tables of mortality are trustworthy, that a proper rate of interest is allowed, that the "loading" is sufficient, and that the reserve fund is safely invested and bears an adequate proportion to the liabilities of the Company. No amount of registration, however, will be a security against the admission of bad lives; only this is of

less consequence in a large Company than in a small one. The two points upon which policy-holders should especially fasten their attention are the amount and mode of investment of the reserve fund, and the terms on which policies can be surrendered. The surrender price is a fair test of the soundness of an Office, if it is backed by a sufficient sum in consols or some other very safe security to make it tolerably certain that the price will be at once forthcoming if called for. A well-devised system of surrender assimilates an Assurance Office as nearly as possible to a bank, where money is left on deposit, and can be drawn out on notice being given. It can hardly be doubted that in regard to life assurance the public is best protected, not by being lulled into a false confidence, but by being encouraged to defend itself by jealous scrutiny and unceasing watchfulness.

COMBATIVE SOBRIETY.

A MEETING held at Manchester to protest against closing public-houses before midnight has ended in a fight. We infer that the imposition of restrictions on the habits of large masses of the people is likely to produce disorder, and that the balance of advantage is in favour of letting things alone. This seems to us to be the lesson that ought to be drawn from such proceedings as took place on Saturday last at Manchester. "The meeting ended," says one of the local journals, "in a fight, and its warring elements were dispersed by the police." The originators of the meeting professed to proceed in the interest of Trade and Friendly Societies, whose business is necessarily, or at least usually, transacted at public-houses. It was alleged by the opponents of the meeting that many members of these societies did not sanction the demand preferred on their behalf for keeping open public-houses till midnight. We will assume that this is true; but nevertheless there may be societies in which a majority of members desire this accommodation, and there appears no sufficient reason for depriving them of that which they have hitherto enjoyed. The objections which are urged against holding these meetings at public-houses would be entitled to attention if there were any other place in which they could meet; but usually there is not. "It is alleged that it is impossible to accomplish the work necessary to the flourishing existence of these associations in Manchester between the hours when work ceases and 11 P.M., at which hour, by the proposed law, the further sale of drink would be forbidden."

We are told that several recognized leaders of organizations of working-men had been enlisted on the side of the promoters of the meeting, and on the other side advertisements had been published calling upon working-men "who had respect for themselves and their little ones, and desired to see their country sober, prosperous, and free," to attend and support amendments in favour of closing public-houses earlier than under the existing law. It is one of the special trials of the journalist that he cannot discuss this question without having thrust upon his notice this abject cant about the necessity of protecting the working-man against himself. In the middle or upper class of life it would be ridiculous for a father to get up and say that he respected himself and his children, but he really could not help taking a second bottle of wine after dinner. This limp and nerveless morality seems to be a special product of Manchester and other large towns, and is perhaps to be ascribed to crowded dwellings and an unwholesome atmosphere. If we could really believe that it prevailed to the extent that is sometimes pretended, the inference would be inevitable that the country is going rapidly to decay. Neither wealth nor intellectual refinement is worth anything unless accompanied by moral strength. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," are necessary to both individual and national greatness, and we are asked to believe that one of these qualities is wanting in large numbers of the most respectable working-men. Neither their own sense of right nor the opinion of their fellows can enable them to contend against temptation to sensual indulgence. They can sing collectively "Throw down the bottle," which individually they take up directly afterwards. The wonder is that such very poor creatures as these working-men represent themselves should be capable of the belligerent spirit which showed itself at the Pomona Gardens at Manchester on Saturday. "Discordant noises were mingled with yells, and the chaotic multitude assembled in front of the platform, and extending far back into the hall, swayed to and fro in almost frantic excitement." If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If people can display this vigour in depriving themselves of drink, what is likely to be the energy of those who vindicate their right to it? The strife at the Pomona Gardens would be intensified in every town in which an attempt was made to impose a considerable measure of restriction.

The Chairman explained that an attempt had been made to establish a Trades' Hall in Manchester, which had failed, and there was therefore no alternative but to hold meetings of societies in public-houses, which ought to be kept open during convenient hours for that purpose. It seems to us that this is common sense, and we are the more inclined to think so because at this moment the speaker was interrupted "by disturbance and fighting in the meeting, which ended in a portion of the crowd being hustled from the centre to the outskirts amid great uproar." The Chairman complained that the teetotallers would not allow to working-men an opportunity for the free expression of their opinion. However,

a resolution of a moderate character was proposed, and some proceedings of a very immoderate character thereupon ensued. Towards the close of the speech of the mover of the resolution several attempts were made to eject from the crowd persons whose presence was specially obnoxious to their neighbours. "In one of these rallies two strong fellows said to be prizefighters were conspicuous by their particular activity." A gentleman of the teetotal persuasion clambered on the platform and proclaimed that one of these powerful and particularly active persons was a well-known prize-fighter. We fear that even our spirited contemporary *Bell's Life* has abandoned the idea of resuscitating the faded glories of the ring, and certainly we shall not attempt a task which more able and instructed hands decline. But certainly in the way of glorification of athletics it would be difficult to say anything more forcible than this—that in an assembly of two or three thousand men, or perhaps men and women, the presence of two supposed prizefighters appears to have had as much effect as that of a small force of disciplined troops among a barbarian host. It is possible that the ring might revive if its members would turn teetotalers, but we see little chance of that; and in the meantime agitators will do well to remember that wherever there is a meeting at which restriction is advocated, there are likely to appear among its opponents two or three strong fellows, supposed to be prize-fighters, who will move through a clamorous crowd like Achilles among the common herd of Trojans. The tide of battle raged between the two parties in Pomona Gardens with alternate success. The gentleman who had denounced the presence at the meeting of prizefighters was seized upon the platform, and nearly thrust among the crowd, but he escaped from hostile hands and took his stand upon a reporter's note-book. Having been moved on from this position, he was next seen lying at the Chairman's feet, and obtaining "a modified protection." All this time attempts were being made to second the resolution, while its opponents, led by the gentleman who had lodged himself on the platform, sang "Rule Britannia," varied by a teetotalers' chorus. However, this resolution and another were declared, perhaps by some effort of imagination, to be carried unanimously, and the Chairman declared the meeting dissolved, whereupon both parties ceased to have any interest in maintaining order. The enterprising gentleman before mentioned and his friends were proceeding to carry adverse resolutions, but "several powerful fellows" interposed, and the "long form" of an eminent teetotaler was in danger of being doubled up by a hit in what is vulgarly called the bread-basket. It is remarkable, by the way, that all the physical as well as moral strength seems to be on the side of the publicans, while long bodies capable of being doubled up, and feeble souls which cannot resist ordinary temptation, are enlisted in favour of restriction. Supposing the Permissive Bill to be passed, and an attempt to be made to put it in force in a large town, we fear that the promoters of restriction would get roughly handled in the disturbances which would inevitably ensue. A few "powerful fellows," insisting upon an unrestrained supply of beer, would be under sore temptation to double up the tall forms of zealous restrictionists imperfectly acquainted with the noble art of self-defence. If this agitation is seriously going on, we would recommend its leaders to take a few lessons in pugilism and wrestling from some of the gentlemen who advertise in *Bell's Life*. The fight on the platform at Pomona Gardens was not of long duration. A slight effusion of blood from the noses of actual combatants sufficed to mitigate the ferocity of those who were only going to begin fighting. A body of policemen restored order, and the adjacent public-houses doubtless did a good trade during the remainder of the evening. Such an affair may be tolerated occasionally, but frequent repetition would oblige the police to interfere at the beginning instead of at the end.

The shortening of the hours of business in public-houses at Manchester as compared with London may be regarded as an injury or benefit to the former according to the speaker's point of view. A scene somewhat similar to that of Pomona Gardens has been exhibited at St. James's Hall, where Mr. Buckstone appeared to protest against the inconvenience to the theatrical profession of shortening the hours during which public-houses are now permitted to be open. The popular comedian obtained a hearing which at these meetings has become almost unattainable by ordinary speakers, and he proposed a resolution to the effect that the existing arrangement as to closing is satisfactory, and does not interfere with anybody's rights. This, however, is nothing to the fanatics. The "sober working-man" of Manchester must have these houses closed for fear he should be tempted to enter one of them and lose that sobriety of which he boasts. The resolution proposed by Mr. Buckstone was carried, and others followed it, and "then there was a free fight," according to what is becoming the usual programme at these meetings. A large meeting held at Sheffield passed, without disturbance, a resolution against further restriction, which complains of the injustice of giving to the Metropolitan districts a privilege over the provinces by allowing them longer hours. If this really is the view of the majority of the inhabitants of Sheffield or other large towns, the occupation of the agitators is gone. As regards London, it appears to us that the speech of Mr. Buckstone is unanswerable, and we welcome the assistance of comedy in contending against cant.

THE HERTFORD COLLECTION AT BETHNAL GREEN.

THE famed Hertford Collection about which so much has been heard and so little known is now for the first time made public. Over a period of more than a quarter of a century the late Marquis amassed ancient and modern pictures, drawings, miniatures, bronzes, snuff-boxes, furniture, Sèvres and other porcelain. These works, now on loan in the Bethnal Green Museum, are of the worth and magnitude of a national rather than of a private collection; their money value is to be estimated not by thousands but by hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling; their art merit finds a parallel only in the palaces of foreign princes or in the museums and cabinets of the art capitals of Europe. And these treasures attract attention all the more because for many years they have been hid away; the "Hertford Gallery" in the Manchester Exhibition comprised only forty-four of the seven hundred and nine oil pictures now exhibited. A large part indeed of the collection remained in France; priceless possessions now safe within British territory have been subject to the perils of war and revolution; and only within the last three months has their present owner, Sir Richard Wallace, brought them to England. We have good reason therefore to give a national welcome to the arrival and exhibition of these treasures.

The collection is strongest in Dutch and in modern French pictures. The masters of Holland and of Flanders are present in the following numerical proportions—Cuyt is represented by eight pictures, Hobbema by five, Maes by four, Metz by six, Mieris by nine, Netscher by four, Steen by four, Teniers by five, Vandermeer by six, A. Vandervelde by three, W. Vandervelde by eight, Wouvermans by five, Rubens by eleven, Rembrandt by eleven, Vandyck by six. The average merit is unusually high; the number of doubtful or inferior works is small. Rare in quality are the following:—"The Sportsman Asleep" (234), by Metz (in Dresden an analogous picture is assigned to Mieris); "Soldiers Gambling" (240), by Teniers; "An Interior with a woman peeling apples" (105), by De Hooghe; "Skating Scene" (106), by Aart Vandermeer; "Interior with Peasants" (128), by Ostade; "A Dance in a Tavern" (225), by Steen; "The Smithy, Shoeing Pack Mules" (194), by Du Jardin; "Noonday Slumber" (216), by Adrian Vandervele; "Cattle" (213), by Van Stry; "River Scene with Shipping" (154), by Cuyt; "Cattle" (213), by Paul Potter; "The Water Mill" (141), by Hobbema. Specially worthy of note are a couple of "Skating Scenes" (98 and 106), by Aart Vandermeer, a painter identified with winter and moonlight; observe how the flaky snow floats in the gusty air, how heavily laden are the black storm-clouds, how the wind is in the sky and on the earth, buffeting the thickly-clad skaters and walkers. The artist's management of colour also is remarkable; snow-clad winter is usually deemed colourless, but the painter throws warmth into the sky and russet browns on the foreground. He evidently does not fear discord; probably because he had observed that in murky Northern climes lights come by fitful surprise, and colours intrude themselves violently amid shadow and darkness. "A Landscape" (199), by Rembrandt, is shadowy; the painter saw nature clad in a mantle of grey. On the contrary, the renowned "Rainbow Landscape" (79), by Rubens, is golden; people cavilled at the picture when it was exhibited a few months since in Burlington House, but a great work of art may be as conspicuous for faults as an illustrious character in history, and this landscape has errors which, though inexcusable in mediocrity, are welcome as signs of lawless genius. Thus lawless is Salvator Rosa's grand, wild "Landscape with Apollo and the Sibyl" (269). But the Italians were accustomed to look at nature through the light of imagination, while Dutchmen, of whom Ruysdael and Hobbema are the express type, trusted to the cold, shrewd intellect. Of the usual transcripts of waterfalls, mills, and woods made by these literal students of nature there are several choice examples. We may specially name "The Water Mill" (141), by Hobbema. This gem, from the collection of the King of Holland, is unsurpassed for detail and quality. The painter has produced many larger works, but never a study more true to nature or more perfect in the materialism and mechanism of art. From these purely Dutch products it may be instructive to pass to scenes painted under Italian influences, such as an "Italian Landscape" (90), by Jan Both. Cuyt, sometimes called the Dutch Claude, occupies an intermediate position between the generic styles of Italy and of Holland; his subjects are Dutch, his sunshine is Italian. A lovely picture of its kind is a "River Scene, with Shipping" (154), charming for play of sparkling lights on quiet greys; no artist ever understood better than Cuyt the romance possible to flat lands and low horizons. The English have the credit of giving to this poetic yet phlegmatic painter his rightful rank and his due commercial value; Cuyt was long neglected in his native land, and it is believed that nine-tenths of his works have found their way to England.

Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck are sufficiently prominent in a total of twenty-eight pictures. Among eleven examples, all more or less characteristic of Rembrandt, attention may be specially directed to a fine portrait of the painter himself (184), also to "The Unmerciful Servant" (101), wherein is seen one of those grand heads, Rabbi-like, turbaned, and bearded, which may be accounted the common property of the school; the same model seems to have been used by Bol in a master-work in Dresden. Eleven pictures add little to the amazement which Rubens usually brings upon the spectator; yet "The Rainbow Landscape" (79) has no parallel save in the Château of Rubens in the

National Gallery; in like manner "The Cavalry Fight at a Broken Bridge" (220) is only equalled or surpassed by the brilliant onslaught of Amazons on a bridge now in the Gallery of Munich. Vandyck's position as a portrait-painter is sufficiently asserted by "Philip le Roy" (63), and "Wife of Philip le Roy" (59), works which for their noble style arrested attention when recently lent by Sir Richard Wallace to the Royal Academy.

The Italian school is scanty; the early masters are absent; and here the Hertford Collection compares unfavourably with the Ward Gallery. Yet two pictures of the "Virgin and Child" (258, 262) are not unimportant examples of Da Vinci and Luini. The lovely composition from the Pourtales Collection, assigned, apparently on good ground, to Da Vinci, will be at once recognized from engravings as an old acquaintance; the type of the Madonna's head, the form and action of the hands, are thoroughly in the Milanese manner—a manner which, though often pushed to mannerism, has never been surpassed for tenderness, sensitiveness, and supersensuous beauty. The work next in importance is "The Virgin and Infant Saviour with Children" (255), a full and pleasing composition which Andrea del Sarto was accustomed to paint with variations. Another familiar motive often seen in replica is here present in duplicate; "The Virgin and Child" (259, 289) is a popular arrangement by Sassoferrato. Equally pretty and attractive will be accounted a fancy piece, "Sacred Studies" (254), by Carlo Dolce. Works bearing the names of Giorgione and of Titian scarcely enjoy European reputations. A single figure, simple, severe, and statuesque, "St. Katherine of Alexandria" (265), shows to advantage that rare master untainted by the Renaissance, Cima da Conegliano. There remains one point which the student of Italian art can nowhere else work out more decisively than in this Exhibition. The comparison was never so close and complete between Canaletto the master and Guardi the pupil; the one represented by seventeen works, the other by ten; in this total of twenty-seven pictures there are masterpieces which these painters never surpassed. By Canaletto we have specially marked "Venice" (256), a large and imposing panorama taken from a commanding point on the Giudecca. "The Doge's Palace" (284), and the "Piazzetta of San Marco" (288), by the same master, though smaller in size, are equally consummate in execution. In the presence of these faithful, unfinishing transcripts, it is hard to accept the verdict of Mr. Ruskin, who pronounces Canaletto "a little and a bad painter" who continued "everywhere multiplying and magnifying mistakes and adding apathy to error." Guardi, more rich in colour, more luminous in atmosphere, possibly possessed the soul which Mr. Ruskin finds wanting in Canaletto. But even the best of the ten works here hung, such as, Venice, "Church of the Madonna della Salute" (278), "Mouth of the Grand Canal" (281), and "Church of St. Giorgio Maggiore and the Lido" (282), are inferior to those of his rival in accuracy of architectural detail, in drawing of the figure, and in sharpness and precision of execution. Guardi thought to make amends for his deficiencies by pleasing effects which might arrest the public eye.

The Spanish pictures, though few in number, and confined to the two masters best known in England, Murillo and Velasquez, are not unimportant. The best by Murillo is a well-accredited work, "Joseph and his Brethren" (298); also about on a par in style and period is the "Charity of St. Thomas de Villanueva" (305), one of six pictures sent to England in 1805 from the Capuchin Convent, Genoa. This master-work was bought by its former possessor, Mr. Wells, for 1,000*l.*; it were rash to conjecture what its value would be now. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (294), a vigorous, naturalistic, and apparently early work, was purchased from the Saltmarsh Collection by the late Marquis of Hertford for 3,018*l.* 5*s.* An inferior picture, "The Annunciation" (295), came from the gallery of the Marquis Aguado at the cost of 2,000*l.* The eleven examples here exhibited mostly belong to Murillo's early naturalistic and vigorous period; they thus contrast with the late "vaporoso" style conspicuous in the grand composition in the National Gallery. Velasquez, the proud master of Castile, is scarcely less prominent than Murillo, the pride of Andalusia. Three versions are here presented of the Infant Don Balthazar Carlos, whom Velasquez painted no less than a dozen times; one (291), wherein the little fellow is standing, came from the collection of Mr. Wells; another, "An Equestrian Portrait" (307), formerly belonged to Samuel Rogers; a like work, slightly varied, is in the Grosvenor Gallery. "The Spanish Lady" (321) in a black dress, recently seen in Burlington House, we believe to have come from the collection of the King of Holland. The equestrian portrait of the "Duke of Olivarez" (324) we know on a larger scale in Madrid; we also remember there a replica of the landscape "Sketch" (322), which is again repeated in the background of the "Boar Hunt" in our National Gallery. It would seem probable from this three-fold repetition that the landscape was a study made on the spot of some actual scene. The gallery in Madrid proves Velasquez to have been given to landscape-painting; but this small "Sketch" is vague in indication, and yet far from the grand generalization of Titian. Velasquez, however, was hardly beneath Titian in portraiture, as may be judged even from the examples before us. The general style of the grand Spaniard is almost too well known to need designation; the works here hung are at once sketchy and complete, offhand and masterly, individual, broad, and generic, subdued in colour, yet lustrous in the deepest shade.

The English school is strong only in Reynolds and Bonington; how strong may be judged when we say that Bonington, a master

of whom no one has ever seen as much as he desires, is represented by not fewer than eighteen works, and that Reynolds, who, though ever seen, is never exhausted, is present in such rare examples as "Nelly O'Brien" (8), "The Strawberry Girl" (20), and "Love me, Love my Dog" (7). Three superb portraits hung in a row show that Reynolds could, when he liked, assume the florid manner of Romney; two of the three are fittingly found in the Hertford Gallery—"Lady Elizabeth Seymour-Conway" (28) and "Frances Countess of Lincoln" (31) are daughters of the first Marquis of Hertford. The finest examples of Bonington which it has ever been our fortune to meet with are also here brought together. Bonington painted in Paris, the late Marquis resided in Paris; and evidently rare opportunities occurred of elucidating by choice and characteristic examples the known but undefined reciprocity of influence existing between Bonington and the French painters of his time. Constable made himself felt in the landscape-painting of the Continent, but Bonington's power was at once more potent and prolonged. Sir Edmund Head, nearly twenty years ago, wrote, "It is singular that whilst the French despise our art with all their souls, the influence of a countryman of our own should have contributed largely to create or restore among them a genuine feeling for picturesque effect. The residence of Bonington in Paris, the cleverness of his colour and chiaroscuro, worked upon the French school, and has in fact produced a new element in their pictures which is now becoming strongly visible." Yet, though this be true, it is equally clear, on the evidence here patent, that Bonington borrowed largely and boldly; it might indeed be said of him, as of the late William Müller, that he was always in transition; he passed from master to master, yet, like Müller, he never merged his personality. The eighteen works here exhibited indicate styles the most opposite; the painter at one period surrenders himself to the romance of Venice, he joins company with Veronese, he is a fellow-worker with Leopold Robert, he breathes and lives in the atmosphere of Turner. Suddenly a change comes over him; he is shadowy as Rembrandt, literal and realistic as Teniers or Terburg, grey as Vandervelde or Constable. Looking at these works, we find the subjects ranging from "Henry III. King of France receiving the English Ambassador" (50) to "Anne Page and Slender" (53) and "A Child at Prayers" (52); and again from "Landscape with Timber Waggon" (49) to "Sunset—Pays de Caux" (698) and "The Doge's Palace" (702). Here, as ever, Bonington is supreme in treatment, triumphant in point of art; he places the mark of genius on incidents and details the most trivial and subordinate. Bonington is seen as an unwonted phenomenon in English art, as a meteor in a dark sky, as a fire which burns for a short space and then is quenched in night; he died ere he had reached his eight-and-twentieth year. We shall pass in our next and concluding paper to the marvellous manifestation given in the Hertford Gallery of the French school—that school which would fondly have claimed Bonington as its own.

SCULPTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

IN this section of the Exhibition, for some reason or other, we do not find the falling-off which the general public voice appears to discover in most other regions of the Academy. There is indeed no inventive work so important as the "Virgilia" of last year; on the other hand, we have several clever things by artists hitherto little seen; whilst, if there is nothing by Messrs. Foley and Bell, yet two or three of the worst and most familiar practitioners rejoice us by their entire or comparative absence.

The vestibule contains some specimens of sculpture meant for architectural purposes, in a style which, considering what liberal sums are now yearly spent upon this branch of the art, has much interest, and should, we think, be much more freely represented. Of the three or four large designs, we prefer Mr. Crittenden's relief representing Our Saviour anointing the blind man's eyes (1536). The latter figure is rather too set in action. Mr. Ruddock's "Glory" is a fair piece of work as architectural decoration, if true sculptural style be not asked. Mr. Forsyth's, like other pieces we remember by the same hand, is quite poor and unsatisfactory; his "Christus Consolator" at once suggests Ary Scheffer's—a design which, with some true merit in feeling, is certainly not strong enough to bear dilution. A little marble group by M. Vanlinden (1541) is pretty; and we have here also Mr. C. Marshall's "Ruth."

In the Central Hall, with its diffused light which takes the life and sharpness out of good work, following the numbers, we note Mr. Lawlor's "Itinerant," a girl reclining with a guitar, as a piece which shows true sculptural sense, though a certain stiffness. Much pains have been taken with "Gyneth" (so spelt); but the attitude is, to our eyes, one wholly unfit for sculpture, from the feeling of unease which it conveys. M. Dalou—we believe a new exhibitor in London—has a life-size group of a mother and baby in terra cotta. This material has a great attractiveness, coupled with a fatal facility for showy effect. We readily accept M. Dalou's management of it as far superior to Mr. Boehm's, whose yearly specimens show no capacity for advancing beyond the misuse of clay; yet the group before us (and still more M. Dalou's statuette of a girl, No. 1461) is not free from unsafe tendencies. The naked surfaces of the figure are poorly handled, the flesh having but little distinction above the draperies; the draperies have a "studio" and painter-like arrange-

ment, showing neither the accidental grace of nature nor the choiceness and severity proper to sculpture. The type of features has been also singularly and inexplicably infelicitous. On the other hand, there is here true feeling for beauty of line and arrangement; and although in an art which supplies so many precedents it is difficult to predicate originality from one specimen, yet we are disposed to expect this quality from M. Dalou, and to look hopefully on his career. He seems to be just at the critical point which makes either an artist in the strict sense or a clever manufacturer; he is at the parting of the ways; it probably lies very much with himself and his own conscientiousness in art whether it be the road upwards which he elects, or that other "flowery path" to which the premature flattery of friends so often invites an artist.

Mr. Durham's "Siren" (like his "Bathers" in the next room) shows the insipidity beyond which the artist's care seems incapable of raising his work. Laboriously planned, and commendably free from mere trick, it is lifeless. The "Off the Book" possesses Mr. C. Marshall's accustomed grace; and there are cleverness and painstaking in M. d'Epinay's "Calypso," although much of the trickiness which marked his "David" of last year reappears in this figure, and lowers it to work of the ornamental order. We should think that the artist was strong enough to dispense with these facile attractions, if he would break with the bad traditions of the recent French school. "La Sers," by P. Guarnerio, "Clytie," by M. Rinehart—names new to us—are worth notice; and the "Phryne" of M. Barzaghi, true to her reputation, compels it by her demonstrative beauty. The lower limbs here are somewhat inelegant, and betray the model; but there is much talent, and, if not exactly life, at least vivacity. Though by no means a great rendering of "Phryne," M. Barzaghi's work rises much above the undisguised meretriciousness to which the subject invites. Mr. Williamson's child figures—two in this room and a baby in the next—do not support the promise which we thought was in his last year's work. The attitude and drapery of the "Caught" are awkward; the companion is rather happier; but Mr. Williamson's modelling of the form is empty, and his treatment of the features crude and blunt. "Nelusko" and "Selika," by M. Pagani, are clever, but to our eyes wholly inartistic and unsatisfactory combinations of marble and metal.

Mr. Woolner's "Guinevere" (1503) continues the illustration of the *Idylls of the King* which he began with "Elaine." As that figure personified modest grace, so this presents an ideal of stately beauty; we see the Queen of that noble epic in her mood of triumph, animated perhaps by the irresistible passion for Lancelot, yet unconscious of her guilt. The proud sway of the head, the sweep and movement of the garments, are admirably rendered in this figure, which, though of statuette size, has yet the look of largeness and "presence" which belong exclusively to the great style of art. In the furthest room, to which we now move, Mr. Woolner exhibits a metal relief for a fountain, full of incident and motive, and a small model of a portrait-monument to a child, which, so far as its position enables us to judge, has true beauty in expression and ability in the modelling of the naked form—that final test of power in "inventive" sculpture, because it is the quality upon which rests the appearance of life.

One of the best pieces in the Gallery is the "Trotting Bull" (1409), a bronze statuette from the hands of Mr. H. W. Davis. This figure is full of energy and able modelling, and is further remarkable as the only successful specimen of sculpture which a painter has achieved within our recollection, many as have been the attempts at this inviting union of arts, so near and yet so widely divergent. A sitting youth, by Mr. Thurlow (1401), is clever; and there is to our mind more than cleverness, some hopeful promise, in Mr. Lawes's "Girl at the Stream" (1448); if the artist be "not so old but he may learn" the difference between promise and fulfilment, and if he be indomitable enough to work on till he masters the enormous difficulties of genuine sculpture. Here also we have a model by another painter of merit, Mr. J. R. Stanhope's "Andromeda." This little relief, which is too unpretentious to fall within the scope of the remark above made, shows real grace and beauty.

If there is not much of first-rate quality amongst the works which we have now briefly noticed, it will be seen that the Exhibition has a fair number of works worth attention, and some promise of a richer crop in future years. The portrait section, falling mainly into the hands of established practitioners, exhibits of course less of the latter quality. We have here a few admirable pieces by men of proved ability, more than balanced by the copious display of more or less pretentious ineffectiveness. But on this side of the art we need not linger. Sitters and promoters of portrait-busts who can find what to admire in the "military" style of Mr. G. G. Adams, whose mastery over uniforms must by this time be complete, or in the coarsely slurred modelling of Messrs. Weekes, Noble, and Adams-Acton, may be legitimately held secure from all the lessons of criticism. There is hardly anything to analyse in busts of this order; we have never found any one to whom they gave pleasure or caused interest; yet they continue to be yearly manufactured on behalf of that immense majority who do not see, and never will see, that a monument or a likeness is worse than worthless unless it be thoroughly well executed.

The patrons of Mr. Boehm would, we presume, decline altogether to rank with the above-mentioned majority. Yet we cannot presume to except them from it. Most bad sculpture in England fails from ineffective smoothness or from crude emptiness. Mr. Boehm has skilfully framed his general style upon that coarse

sketchiness for which the admirers of Baron Marochetti waged at one time so strenuous and so wholly vain a warfare. As with him also, Mr. Boehm's works seem to find favour with precisely that class who, educated enough to see the weak side of ordinary sculpture, are not educated enough, or have too strong a bias towards mere ornamentalism, to see that the result falls equally short of true art. There is an air of cleverness and vivacity in Mr. Boehm's manner as a modeller which might be praised if sculpture were first thoughts instead of finished thoughts. But his work ceases at the beginning; the completed marble varying between mere rough hewing (as in No. 1414) and smooth affectation (as in No. 1535); closing with the bronze statuette of the Prince of Wales (1515), which has all the air of a group designed for a clock-case. The terra cotta bust of the great painter M. Legros, the material verging in itself towards sketchiness, is better than this, although here the best part of the sitter's expression has been omitted. Worst of all, we regret to observe, is the model for the bust of the third Marquis Lansdowne, destined for the Abbey. Here the features have only reached the stage of crude preparation, although presumably the model is meant, like other models, to represent the intended marble; whilst below the head depends an ungainly appendage, like a cloak hung from a peg, and a Gothic shield (possibly in recognition of the architecture of the Abbey) is inserted in order to carry the inscription. Bad taste could hardly go further.

Several small busts by M. d'Epinay exhibit much elegance and tenderness; there should be the making of an artist here. M. Wagmüller has a head (1433), rather clever and lifelike, though unrefined in style. His "Professor Owen" strikes us as inferior. Somewhat similar in manner is Mr. Armstead's "Dean of Lichfield." If a recumbent figure destined for a cathedral be entitled to a more "architectural" treatment than any other sculpture, this is a fair specimen. We must own, however, to be unable to make this allowance, and fail to see why a harsh and angular handling of lines and surfaces should be considered admissible in monumental work of this order. Still Mr. Armstead's figure has some merit in its way, and we cannot but believe that he also has it in his power, if he chooses, to rise to much better things.

There is a look of character in the colossal figure of Mr. Chadwick (1529). That of Lord Farnham (1506) is heavy and overweighted with decorations. The only marble statue of this class is the figure of Sir B. Frere (1513), executed for the Town Hall of Bombay. The features here have the appearance of great lifelikeness; the high-bred and high-minded air which has happily marked many of the Englishmen who have been our proconsuls in India has been perfectly seized. Mr. Woolner has, as usual, faced the difficult problem of modern dress, and managed it with uncommon ability, keeping himself free alike from the vulgar idea of "materialism" or photographic literality, and the idea, hardly less vulgar, of empty conventionalism. But no ability, after all, can give our European clothing the positive beauty belonging to the robes of Greece of old, or the East of to-day. The beauty which there is in truth must be here our compensation.

The vestibule, badly lighted as it is, contains the most interesting busts of the year. Mr. Woolner's "Charles Dickens" is, we believe, accepted by those who knew Dickens as rendering completely the look most characteristic of his genius. It is certainly the only likeness which, to those who did not know him, conveys an idea adequate to the impression given by his writings. There is the keenness, the mobile temperament, the sometimes overwrought sensibility. In this bust and the other (Mrs. Milnes Gaskell), by the same artist, the great difficulties inherent in creating a posthumous likeness have had to be encountered. The lady's head is very pure and graceful; so far as one specimen enables us to judge, we infer that Mr. Woolner would meet with a success in this range of subjects not less decided than that which he has attained in heads of the forcible or strongly-accented order. Mr. Butler's female head—also posthumous—(1554) may be fairly classed with the last work in graceful elegance and beautiful treatment of the surfaces. If any reader cares to compare the mere general effect and colour (if we may use the word) of these two busts with those around them, he will, we think, at once feel the presence of that expressive delicacy which divides good work in marble from ordinary work, and will find that the difference which the critic labours to express by analysis is, in fact, one founded on the broad facts of nature, and perceptible by any careful and unprejudiced observer.

REVIEWS.

IMMANUEL KANT.*

IN the history of German philosophy the name of Leibnitz is followed by that of Kant after an interval occupied by greater and less celebrities, some of whom are forced into the intellectual pedigree, and none of whom bear a very striking resemblance to the sage of Leipzig, unless we except Christian Wolf and his school; and these taught the doctrines of Leibnitz in a form by which their spirit was not only weakened but perverted. Leibnitz died in 1716; Kant, as the teacher of Kantism, did not

* *Geschichte der neuern Philosophie.* Von Kuno Fischer. Dritter Band. Mannheim: Bassermann, 1860.

begin his career till more than half a century afterwards, and the interval being, as we have said, unsatisfactorily filled up, it would seem at a first glance as if the influence of the one had left off long before that of the other began. We may agree with Dr. Fischer, that Lessing was more completely fitted by the mantle of Leibnitz than any other thinker of the last century; but this means that the poly-historic, truly liberal character of the one was inherited by the other rather than that the two were connected as Spinoza with Descartes, as Kant with Hume, or as Fichte with Kant. It is not among philosophical books which any one now writes, or even reads, that the monuments of the Leibnitz-Wolfian influences are to be sought, but in the recorded fact that the philosophical chairs of the German Protestant Universities were for the most part in the hands of the adherents of this school, which maintained a deadly-lively existence not unlike that of the old scholastic teaching just before the *renaissance*. Kant himself, who came to put an extinguisher on this truly "dry light," was a Leibnitz-Wolfian for nearly as many years as he was a Kantist; and hence it is that the philosophical student should somewhat acclimatize himself to the atmosphere in which Kant primarily moved, if he would rightly understand that the giants against which the innovator fights are not merely windmills.

In spite, then, of the long gap which apparently separates Leibnitz from Kant, the latter virtually follows close upon the former, and thus the wondrous contrast between the lives of the two men is presented with singular sharpness. Save in the only particular that they both died bachelors, which was also the case with Descartes and Spinoza, they had not one point in common. When (*Saturday Review*, October 14, 1871) we briefly recorded the multifarious events that chequered the career of Leibnitz, we seemed to state that there once existed a man who solved this remarkable problem:—Given twenty-four hours in every day occupied by totally unmetaphysical pursuits, required the propagation of a new metaphysical system in the time remaining. How he did it remains a mystery to the present day; but that he did it somehow or other is a matter of fact. Kant, on the other hand, was the very perfection of what in modern slang is termed a "slow coach." At the age when Leibnitz was teaching himself classical Latin by means of some pictures in an old Livy, and alarming his friends by the ease with which he wrote elegies, Kant was simply known as a dull, shamefaced boy, with a bad memory and a weak constitution. His father was a saddler at Königsberg of Scotch descent, the family name really being "Cant," which was changed into "Kant" by Immanuel himself, who, knowing that the initial "C" always looks foreign to Teutonic eyes, much dreaded lest, in process of time, he should be called "Zant." Born in 1724, he was sent in his tenth year to the Collegium Fredericianum, where the principles of his pietistic mother were carried out by Dr. Schultz, a pietistical rector greatly patronized by old Frederick William. Here he remained about seven years (terminating in 1740), and as he went on he distinguished himself so much as a Latin scholar that his first intention was to devote himself to classical philology, like his schoolfellow the celebrated Ruhnken. The pietistical discipline does not seem to have been much relished by either of the rising stars, but they owned in after-life that it did them much good. Kant always spoke in affectionate terms of Dr. Schultz, and when they had both passed the middle age Ruhnken wrote to his old school-fellow, "Anni triginta sunt lapsi, cum uterque tetrica illa quidem, sed utili nec poenitenda fanaticorum disciplina continebatur." At the University of Königsberg, which Kant entered after quitting the College, the faculty of theology had been selected for him; but he found it little to his taste, and chiefly applied himself to mathematics, which had been indifferently taught at the College, but which at the University were well represented by Martin Knutzen, a young mathematician who initiated Kant into the mysteries of Newton. His means, further straitened by the death of his father in 1746, compelled him to become a private tutor, and in this capacity he lived successively with three families during a period which extended to 1775, having first written his earliest work, a treatise on the "Living Powers of Nature," in which not a trace is to be found of the system of philosophy taught by him in after-life. In 1775 he took his degree and attained the rank of private teacher (*Privat-docent*) at the University, which he held for fifteen years.

The contest which had arisen between Prussia and Russia stood in the way of his promotion. In 1758 Prussia Proper was occupied by the enemy, and academic offices and honours were in the hands of the Russian general, to whom on the occasion of a vacancy Kant applied in vain. The accession of Peter III. to the throne of the Czars in 1762 brought with it peace indeed, and Königsberg was once more under Prussian rule, but no immediate benefit was afforded to the growing philosopher. The first vacancy that offered itself was the Professorship of Poetry, the duties attached to which comprised the composition of birthday odes and such like articles, and which Kant very naturally declined to accept. Encouraged by the authorities to wait for a more favourable opportunity, he was in 1766 appointed Under-librarian of the Royal Library, an office not connected with the University at all, with the munificent salary of sixty-two dollars per annum. However, the good time came at last. Just as he was about to leave his beloved Königsberg for Erlangen, whither he had been invited as a professor in ordinary, the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics, which the Russian general had refused him twelve years before, became vacant, and in 1770 Kant was appointed to fill it.

The theses which he publicly defended on his entrance into office were comprised in a Latin treatise, *De Mundi Sensibilibus atque intelligibilibus forma et principiis*. With this treatise, published when Kant was about forty-six years of age, the history of the so-called "Critical Philosophy" really begins, the germs appearing here of the doctrines afterwards taught at length in his larger works. He had written several treatises between his early dissertation of 1755 and this inaugural display, but they all belonged to what may be called the *præ-critical* period. Brought up in the Leibnitz-Wolfian school, Kant had studied David Hume until his old convictions on the subject of the causal nexus were shaken, and he now came forward with a system which not only surprised his countrymen, but which in due time awakened a sort of contemptuous astonishment in the land whence he had derived his first incentives to original thought. Perhaps the history of literature can show nothing worse than the manner in which Kant, *né* Cant, taking his start from Hume, was treated by Scotch writers who fondly believed that they were capable of discussing metaphysical questions. Cultivated men of the present day may well be astonished when they learn that there was a time when the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* was considered mystical, and the very useful and innocent words "subjective" and "objective" were pronounced to be jargon. One may amuse oneself with conjecturing what Hume himself would have said if he had lived to study the three Critiques of Kant; also whether Kant would have more disliked the vituperations of Dugald Stewart or the admiration of Coleridge. We are concerned here, however, rather with the biography than with the philosophy of Kant. His appointment in 1770 had fairly floated him on academical waters, and two years afterwards he joyfully gave up his post at the library, with all the splendid emoluments thereto attached. Ten years, which he occupied in maturing his philosophical system, elapsed before he became a member of the Senate. In 1786 he was Rector of the University for the first time, and in 1788 for the second.

It must not be supposed that during the *præ-critical* period Kant was an obscure figure. On the contrary, in 1755, when he had just been appointed a "Privatdocent" and delivered lectures at the house of a professor, he attracted a crowd which, like a London evening party, occupied not only the room but the staircase, and soon he became the most popular of teachers. His discourses, we learn, were *de omnibus rebus*, &c., comprising Mathematics, Physics, Logic, and Metaphysics for the benefit of less aspiring hearers, with the addition of Natural Law, Ethics, Natural Theology, Physical Geography, and Anthropology for the more ambitious. Strange to say, though he never in his life travelled many miles from Königsberg, he particularly shone in his descriptions of foreign countries; and on one occasion he gave such a minute account of Westminster Bridge that an Englishman among his audience concluded, not only that he had lived long in London, but that he had been a practical architect; and he was equally successful with a description of Italy. He had, too, a taste for poetry, though he did not feel himself equal to the task of celebrating royal birthdays, and the spice of Haller and Pope, his favourite poets, with which he seasoned his instructions, afforded the highest gratification. Indeed Herder, who was afterwards one of his most determined opponents, was so pleased with one of these early lectures that he turned it into verse and sent it on the following morning to the lecturer, who, delighted in turn, read the version to his assembled auditors.

The theory first propounded in the inaugural treatise of 1770 was not to be matured into the shape which is given to it in the three Critiques without much expenditure of time. Early in 1772 Kant wrote to a friend stating that his whole system would probably be before the world in a few months; but the months slipped away without sign being given, and in 1777 the prediction of the coming marvel was renewed with the comforting assurance that the whole work would not fill many sheets. Not till 1781 did the "Critique of Pure Reason" actually make its appearance; not till after seven years was it followed by the "Critique of Practical Reason"; and in 1790 the "Critique of the Judgment," by which the series is completed, first saw light. Presently slight persecutions had to be endured. Frederick the Great, who notoriously encouraged free inquiry, died in 1786; he was succeeded by Frederick William II., whose tendencies were in a precisely opposite direction; the liberal Ministry of Zedlitz came to a close in 1788, and the reactionary Wöllner and Bischofswerder rose into power. Those were evil days for philosophical theology. Crowned heads were frightened by manifestations in France, and Jacobinism and dubious orthodoxy were held to be natural, if not necessary, concomitants of each other. Kant's later work, *Religion within the Limits of Mere Reason*, brought upon him in 1794 a royal mandate, signed by Wöllner, warning him "not to do it again," and he thought his best course was to keep silent on topics likely to give offence in high places. He therefore answered the King, promising that as a loyal subject he would refrain from all discourse upon religion, natural or revealed. On the death of Frederick William II., in 1797, the age of toleration returned, and Kant, who considered that his promise was made to the King personally, wrote his important work, *Der Streit der Fakultäten*. But age and hard work had proved more powerful than any edict, and in the same year Kant retired from his professorial chair. In 1798, though naturally fond of social intercourse, he ceased to accept invitations, and, fairly worn out, he died on February 12, 1804. Had he lived one year more, he might have celebrated his jubilee as a teacher at the University of Königsberg.

As to the general habits of Kant there is abundant information. His life was of the simplest; his great object being to keep himself in good condition, and to remain as free as possible from all disquietude. Personal independence was not on any account to be sacrificed; and it was therefore a leading principle with him never to be in debt, and never to incur an obligation. In youth he must have been extremely poor; but by rigid economy he became sufficiently rich to live in decided comfort, and contribute to the maintenance of less fortunate relatives; and when he died he left behind him a capital which in his day was deemed considerable. The natural delicacy of his constitution led him to become his own doctor, and his uninterrupted health, obtained by rules based on his own experience, was a carefully executed work of art. On the subject of noise his sentiments were precisely those of the tetchy gentleman in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene*. To his friend Hippel the novelist, who was Burgomaster of Königsberg, he wrote a letter begging him to use his influence to hinder the prisoners in the town gaol from singing too loud. If there had been any music that could not be heard, like that mentioned by the clown in *Othello*, Kant would possibly have admired it; but music as it is he regarded as an "intrusive art" (*zudringliche Kunst*) which enabled a man to disturb his studious neighbours. A cock which crowed in his vicinity, and was not to be purchased at any price, caused him to change his residence. Nor were visible changes less offensive to his eye than noises to his ear. It was his custom when absorbed in deep reflection to fix his glance on some particular object, and a tower which stood opposite to the window of his study became so indispensable to his comfort that when some intrusive poplars in an intervening garden grew tall enough to hide it, he was so intensely afflicted that their owner good-humouredly shortened their dimensions. An old servant named Lampe, who had waited on him for forty years, proved so utter a scoundrel that he was forced to dismiss him; but the loss seemed to him irreparable, and he could only master his sorrow by writing down on a slip of paper "Lampe must be forgotten." Indeed, a forced forgetfulness was with him a panacea for every irremediable calamity. When his friend Hippel lay mortally sick, he was indefatigable in his inquiries; but when, on the day after Hippel's death, people began to talk about him at a dinner-table, Kant interrupted the discourse by declaring that the dead should be left with the dead to rest in peace. Here the philosopher strangely reminds us of two very different persons, King David and Göthe. In spite of this apparent want of feeling, Kant was a warm and even a self-sacrificing friend, and in the choice of intimate acquaintance he was not in the least influenced by his position at the University. High among them stood Mr. Green, an English merchant, who learned to like him through a violent dispute about the American war, in which Kant strongly took the part of the insurgents, while Green was on the side of his countrymen. Famed as Kant was for punctuality, he was exceeded in this respect by Green, as appears by a whimsical anecdote. One evening he had promised to take a drive with Green at eight on the following morning, and a quarter of an hour before the appointed time Green stood waiting for him with his watch in his hand. Five minutes having elapsed, Green put on his hat, and after five minutes more took his stick. At the first stroke of eight the carriage started; and though Kant, who arrived two minutes after the hour, came towards it, Green, from stern principle, would not stop to admit him. At the house of this friend Kant passed his afternoons for several years in precisely the same manner. Entering the sitting-room, he found Green asleep in an arm-chair, took his seat beside him, and went to sleep likewise. Then Ruffmann, a bank director, who also belonged to the clique, entered, and followed the example before him, and all remained sleeping till the arrival, at the appointed time, of Motherby, another friend, whose business it was to wake them. Conversation now began, and continued till seven o'clock, when the party broke up. So rigidly was this rule observed that Kant was to the inhabitants of the street what merry larks are to the ploughman, and the remark was often heard, "It can't be seven o'clock yet; Professor Kant has not gone by." When we read that Kant did not write a single line of the "Critique of Pure Reason" without submitting it to the approval of Green, we may infer that the Englishman had other qualities besides that of punctuality.

The only source of sensual enjoyment to Kant was his one o'clock dinner. He generally sat at table for at least three hours, and was so exquisite a judge of *cuisine* that, according to a saying of Hippel's, he could have written as good a critique of cookery as of pure reason. Cookery, indeed, seems to have furnished the only link that connected him with the fair sex. He never married, nor seriously thought of marrying, but he loved to converse with good housewives on the mysteries of the kitchen.

Kant was blessed with three Boswells—Borowski, one of his early pupils, whose meagre narrative extends to 1792; Jachmann, his amanuensis during his most brilliant period, who published letters reaching from 1784 to 1794; and Wasianski, an intimate friend who managed his affairs when age had rendered him incapable, and who described the last years of his life. It need scarcely be stated that these sources are turned to admirable account by Dr. Kuno Fischer, one of the most amusing, chatty, and vivacious of biographers, as he is one of the acutest critics of metaphysical theories.

LONG'S DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

THE fourth volume of Mr. George Long's *Decline of the Roman Republic* brings his narrative down to the time when it had become imperative on Cæsar either by resigning the proconsulship of the Gauls to give himself up to his political enemies, in which case his ruin was certain, or to retain it in defiance of them and the laws. So far as the subjects of Rome were concerned, nothing could be more desirable for them than the latter of these alternatives, and as respected the constitution, such as it then was, hardly any change could be for the worse. Neither barbaric invasion, often a cleanser of foul political atmospheres, nor domestic tyranny, was ever more corrupt and oppressive than the senatorial rule which closed the last eighty years of the Commonwealth. A few great families managed the affairs of an empire which, with slight breaks of continuity, stretched from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. At home, seldom did an election—tribunician, prætorian, or consular—pass over without destruction of property and life. Abroad, the subjects and allies of Rome were either pillaged, harassed, or left unprotected by their rulers. Things had come to such a pass that either the vanquished must rise against the victors, or the victors would turn into a desert the poorest no less than the richest provinces.

The period surveyed in this volume comprises Cæsar's ten years' proconsulate, the intrigues of parties at Rome, the banishment and recall of Cicero, the tribunate of Clodius, alike disastrous while he lived and in its results after his murder, the defeat and death of Crassus, and the final estrangement of Pompeius from Cæsar. This stormy period possesses an advantage denied to most of the other portions of Roman annals, Republican or Imperial. To a certain extent we are able to view it through the contemporary light of Cæsar's "Commentaries," and the books on the Alexandrian, African, and Spanish wars which accompany them, and, above all, through the light of Cicero's Letters, often disclosing to the reader the political or forensic lies he told in his speeches. Sallust's *Bellum Catilinæ* is too much of a party pamphlet for credence; in his "Jugurthine War," as well as in his "History," he treats of an age before his birth, and even in these with the tone of a partisan. The history of Velleius, which Mr. Long in some respects perhaps underrates—for the flatterer of Augustus and Tiberius is a sincere admirer of the hardy virtues of the Fabii and Catoes—is too manifestly one-sided to be a safe guide, and the lost decades of Livy may have been rhetorical, rather than properly historical, since even from the epitomes of his later books it is plain that as he grew in years, he grew also in prolixity. Such abbreviators as Florus, the Victors, and Eutropius tell but little, and that little is not often to be relied on. To Dion Cassius, again, the Republican times were almost as indistinct as they are to ourselves, though, as Niebuhr observes, he held often sound views of the early constitution. As a military historian the great Julius stands without a rival. Void of the pettish vanity and ungenerous temper of the First Napoleon, he relates his own deeds without boasting and with fairness and modesty. He awards to all who served him well their due meed of praise; he is lenient to those who, by mistaking or disobeying his orders, increased his difficulties, or even endangered his position in the Gaulish campaigns. The view taken by him of home politics cannot be expected to be impartial, yet, compared with the opinions of Cicero and Sallust, it may be termed candid. The study of Cicero's Letters, in spite of the information they give, is a painful one. With many personal and domestic, he had few, if any, political virtues. The wag who pointed out to him that there were two vacant seats in the pit of the theatre, and that he was fond of sitting on two stools, knew him well. Shifting his seat indeed may almost be said to have been the employment of his life. He assailed the oligarchy until they made him, for their own purposes, Consul; he opposed every popular measure as soon as he had reached that proud eminence; he hated and fawned on Pompeius; he feared and he admired Cæsar. The brightest passage in his busy life was his proconsular government, yet he was always imploring and intriguing to be released from his province. That, as an advocate, he was indifferent to truth is perhaps a professional failing. His extravagant praise or blame of those whom he defended or attacked does not exceed that of Burke; his inconsistency as a public man does not surpass that of Brougham. With him, as with them, the friend of yesterday is the foe of to-day. By the side of that sincere and unswerving patriot, Demosthenes, Marcus Tullius appears nearly as unprincipled in politics as John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, or Talleyrand, Prince-bishop of Autun.

The wars of Republican Rome, in semblance aggressive, were often, as Livy says, really defensive, nor is Cæsar's invasion of Gaul any exception to this statement. In this respect, as in some others, the aggrandizement of Rome is a counterpart of that of our Indian Empire. The Romans, like ourselves, were often compelled to absorb or conquer a new province in order to retain an old one. And the possession of Gaul had become almost a necessity for the Commonwealth. Nearly all its great perils and reverses, from the days of Camillus to those of Marius, proceeded from that quarter. The announcement of a Gaulish war was always the signal for a levy in mass; even a special word—*humulus*—was applied to such occasions. Since the victories of Marius, indeed, the dread of the Transalpsines had diminished, but not quite passed away.

* *The Decline of the Roman Republic*. By George Long. Vol. IV. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

Again the populous North might pour from her frozen loins her barbarous sons, and come

Like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands,

and the wines and corn-land of Italy draw from their forests and marshes the grandsons of the Teutons and Cimbrians who had fallen on the Raudian plains. Cæsar doubtless had a personal object in undertaking the subjugation of Gaul; but he had also a political one. Were time allowed him, he might be able to raise from the humbled clans an army devoted to himself alone; with such an army he would have the means of effecting what long before he must have perceived to be an inevitable revolution. Virtually the Commonwealth was dead; practically it was incapable of answering to the demands of a mighty empire. Pompeius, a good soldier, was a sorry statesman; he had thrown away his opportunity; he let "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage"; Cæsar, as even his opponents knew, was equal to the occasion; Cæsar, on his part, knew it as well. How completely he succeeded in both of his designs, it is needless to say. Gaul was at last vanquished; within a generation or two after Cæsar's death it was thoroughly Romanized. His personal influence is displayed in the fact of so many Gaulish families bearing the pre-nomen of Julius down to the time of the Antonines.

The Gaulish wars might easily be treated of apart from the history of Rome. They demand too much space for a mere episode in her annals, although for their military and geographical importance they well deserve all the pains which Mr. Long has taken with them. To the world, so far it was affected by the conquests of Cæsar, they are instructive and important only in having been the means of civilizing so large a portion of Europe as that now represented by France, Belgium, and the Rhenish provinces, and as the lever by which the great Proconsul could carry into act his plans for reorganizing the Commonwealth. His yearly visits to Luca, where he conferred with and conciliated by his winning manners or his substantial gold the more influential senators and knights, were, in their results, as important as the repulse of Ariovistus, the storming of Alesia, or the capture of Vercingetorix. Gaul in fact was the anvil on which he welded the sword that achieved the victories of Pharsalia, of Thapsus, and Munda; Luca was the loom on which the web of the Empire and the shroud of the Republic were woven.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the readers of Mr. Long's former volumes what they are to expect from the present one. He possesses all the cardinal virtues of historians—*incorrupta fides nudaque veritas*, indefatigable research, impartiality worthy a stoic of the strictest sort, and learning abundant and accurate. Mr. Long himself would not take it as a compliment if we commended his narrative for any pictorial graces; among writers of history he is what Phocion in his time was among orators.

It is with evident reluctance that Mr. Long ever turns away from Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul to the intrigues and enormities that were simultaneously going on at Rome; "from the plain, unadorned, and veracious 'Commentaries' of the Roman proconsul to blundering compilers and the dubious testimony of Cicero's Letters and Orations." What would have been thought of such reluctance at the time when readers put faith in Conyers Middleton, and derived their acquaintance with the decline of the Roman Republic from such authorities as Hooke, Rollin, and Fergusson? There are few more signal changes in opinion than that which within half a century has taken place in the general estimate of Cæsar and Cicero, of "Brutus's godlike stroke," or the sublime virtue of the men who made the Ides of March memorable for ever. Then Cicero was accounted, on the warranty of his own assertions and in the teeth of evidence to the contrary, the purest of patriots, and almost on a level with a Christian saint. Then Sir William Jones was scarcely singular in refusing to call Augustus by any other name than Octavius, because of his signing the orator's death-warrant. Now, in the hands of Mommsen, and even in those of the more lenient Dr. Merivale, the worship of Saint Marcus Tullius has been superseded, in the one case by direct hostility, in the other by pity verging on contempt for him as a political leader. We do not attach the same importance to the view taken of him by Drumann, full and animated as his volume on Cicero is, because he is almost as implacable to Cicero as if Marcus Antonius had guided his pen. Mr. Long, although no Ciceronian, justly condemns the last-mentioned writer's unfairness to one who at least possessed the domestic virtues, and who on many occasions battled bravely with his foes.

Mr. Long, always instructive, is never more so than when he deals with Roman law, or with geography as an important auxiliary to history. In this respect he is a worthy successor to Dr. Arnold. The commendation bestowed by him on the second volume of the *Histoire de César* is due, in full measure and running over, to Mr. Long's own narrative of the Gallic wars. The chapters devoted to them are the best illustrations at present written of Cæsar's military memoirs. Not content with consulting every book worth reading on the subject, he has studied with his own eyes many of the scenes where the Cæsarian legions were victorious or defeated or encamped. He canvasses, he supplements, he confirms or denies, but always in a fair spirit, the statements of the Imperial author and his scientific associates. Perhaps Mr. Long may rank among the sufferers by the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty. Had the Emperor been still at the Tuileries, there can be little doubt that he would have received some more distinguished tribute to his work than the cross of the Legion of Honour.

The least satisfactory portion of Cæsar's military journal is that in which he treats of Britain. Indeed it was perhaps among the few mistakes made by him that he ever crossed the British Channel. The acquisitions made by the Republic were already too vast for the weak and miserable central Government, and the invasion of our island was probably suggested by his own interest at the moment rather than by any expectation of making a permanent or profitable addition to the Roman world. No one knew so well as Cæsar that consolidation and not extension was the great need of Rome. But at the juncture of his landing on our South-eastern coast, it happened to be expedient for himself to astonish and flatter his capricious fellow-citizens with some brilliant feat of arms; and what feat would be more agreeable to them than one which planted the Roman eagles in the soil of "Ultima Thule"? To the fickle and idle Quirites the protracted war beyond the Alps was becoming a tedious story. They had amply avenged themselves for the loss of consular armies and the ransom paid of yore to Brennus. Pleasant would it be for them to set their feet upon the neck of Parthian kings, but experience showed that to pass the Euphrates was nearly equivalent to exposing their armies to an enemy who fought flying and eluded their grasp. Even Pompeius, who had humbled the Armenian, and the great Mithridates, had never hazarded a conflict with the Parthian King. But to send couriers, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed," to the Senate to tell the fathers that an island believed to be larger than Sicily, and far more fertile than Sardinia, an island of which former proconsuls had merely heard, an island which the traders in tin and hides and the pearl-divers represented as rich in minerals, in pasture and plough-land, had submitted to the Proconsular fasces—this was a feat comparable to the discovery of a new world; it was one more proof that the Roman was irresistible, and that the children of Rhea and the War God were chosen by fate to be lords of the habitable world. That Cæsar did little more than land in Britain, and depart from it, was not taken into account. He had crossed a perilous strait, exacted hostages from an unknown race, imposed a tribute on kings with strange names and unknown realms—a nominal tribute perhaps, yet nevertheless a symbol of homage, even if never paid.

When Mr. Long turns homeward the interest of his narrative flags. He disdains or is unable to describe with any degree of animation the restoration of Cicero, the riots and death of Clodius, the scene at Milo's trial—a rehearsal of the second Triumvirate—or the luckless expedition of Crassus. But there is so much of rare and sterling worth in the present volume and its predecessors that we heartily recommend them to every student of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Republic."

THREE TO ONE.*

THREE to One differs in many respects from the *Annals of an Eventful Life*. Yet, had it appeared anonymously, like its predecessor, it would have been impossible to read many pages of it without recognizing the author's hand. There is the same freshness of thought and style; the same quaintness, rather perhaps in the manner of thinking than in the thought itself. *Three to One* is eminently a novel of society, yet how different it is from the fashionable social novel generally! All through it is pervaded by a happy tone of *persiflage*, marked, we should say, by a strong individuality, yet lending itself flexibly to the different characters of the story. Sometimes we are inclined to fear that the lightness is likely to become laboured; or, if not, that it must degenerate into something approaching the childish. But it is like the slightly and coquettishly affected lisp of a pretty and piquante woman. Regulated by her tact it is always seductive, and has little but its fascination in common with the lisp of infancy. While Dr. Dasent's playfulness rarely, if ever, degenerates as you had feared, every here and there comes something that assures you unobtrusively of his strength and manhood—something in the shrewdly humorous turn of a sentence, in a touch of scholarship that goes wide of the beaten paths, in the hints of a matured experience. We should emphatically characterize *Three to One* as sparkling, and so the novel should be considering its scope and its subject. The dialogue, the descriptions, the very presentations of the characters, the comments of the author as he plays chorus to his piece, all go dancing along, the bubbles flashing up to the surface; there may sometimes be froth, but there is always sparkle. That there is some originality in the design, too, that the story "travels," may be gathered from the fact that for two of the three volumes the scenes lie in the compass of a five days' visit to a country house; while the whole novel does not cover very many weeks. It may be added that the story generally, and the love-making especially, have one characteristic in common with the *Annals of an Eventful Life*. They steer wide of the sensational, and stick closely to the commonplace. Dr. Dasent pauses from time to time to indicate pathetically the temptations he is resisting, and to demonstrate with how light a strain on the imagination he might have indulged us with melodrama to our heart's content. Then he turns quietly back to write as a man of the world about ordinary people of the world. It must not be supposed, however, that there is any dearth in his book of love, sentiment, or pathos. Love may be made to cause sufficient suffering and anxiety for artistic and dramatic purposes, even if it does not

* *Three to One; or some Passages out of the Life of Amicia, Lady Sweetapple.* By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., Author of "Annals of an Eventful Life." London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

rise to absolute passion, or stimulate to atrocious crime. There are fresh young hearts in Belgravia and May Fair, and affection held in suspense may try most sorely those who have hitherto been the spoiled darlings of fortune. From the very first chapter of *Three to One* we find ourselves in an atmosphere of love-making. There is a plurality of heroines—a quartet of them—and all are highly attractive in their several ways. There is a pair of marriageable heroes, a Damon and Pythias, and thus it is obvious at once that only two of the ladies can be duly and happily disposed of. Hence the interest. But as it is plain from the first that one of the gentlemen is to pair off placidly with the object of his attachment, the interest of doubt centres upon his friend. By an admirable stage arrangement, the early chapters not only present us to all the personages who are to play the prominent parts, but make us know them as well as if we had been acquaintances of long standing. There is one marked exception, indeed, and, to our mind, that is the blot in the book. Dr. Dasent, as it often strikes us, has an artistic gift amounting to an instinct, which constantly finds illustration in minor points; but sometimes it fails him signally in his general design, just when it would have gone furthest to assure success. The *Annals of an Eventful Life* dragged in some places, and in others became unduly episodic. The author, having lingered occasionally till he only saved himself from the imputation of tediousness by his brilliance and originality, came at last with a rush, and hustled his hero along to his destiny. He made the death of Halfacre's aunt the theme for the deepest pathos of the story, and, however sincere may be a man's affection for that particular relative, somehow in fiction it rather lends itself to the sense of the ridiculous. Here, in *Three to One*, the one of the three goddesses who wins at last the prize of love and beauty has been made an abstraction to us through the best part of the story. Our sympathies have been enlisted elsewhere before she dawns upon us, and we decidedly grudge her the happiness which she wins at the expense of our earlier friend. Surprise is only effective when we are compelled to confess that the author's ingenuity has had a legitimate and most unlooked-for triumph. Of course it is in the power of any one to plan a *dénouement* that shall have no merit but that of being utterly unexpected. In this case we see that the third young lady is very good and pretty and meritorious, and we are told that the gentleman is falling in love with her. With our eyes wide open, we ask whether it is possible that the pair can ever marry. Impossible, is the unhesitating answer; he has gone much too far elsewhere to do anything of the sort, without offending our sense of romantic justice and estranging all our sympathies. But he does marry her, after a rapid courtship precipitated by circumstances. Well, all we can say is that Mr. Dasent and his hero have deceived us in our double capacity of man and critic, and we consider it very little to their credit.

The plot is simple enough. Sir Thomas Carlton, a great magnate of finance, but a thorough gentleman, his charming wife, and the two fascinating co-heiresses, their daughters, are talking over the invitations to a party at their delightful Surrey seat of High Beech. High Beech is a model house, and the Carltons are model hosts. Consequently all the invited guests jump at the invitation, and come down by the same train. Among the rest are two heroes, Henry Fortescue and Edward Vernon. Each of these gentlemen has a competence under 1,000*l.* a-year; both affect to be barristers; they have the same rooms in the Temple, they share their apartments at Pimlico, and belong to the same Club. Both are good-looking, agreeable, and popular. As happens oftener than most novelists are ready to admit, the two Misses Carlton are in love with the inseparables before acknowledging it either to themselves or each other, and before the young gentlemen have decided to "reciprocate." Between Alice and Vernon it is plain sailing. They glide smoothly into love with each other, and the course of their passion runs pleasantly all along. But poor Florry has a very agitated time of it. She has a rival and a most dangerous one. There is a certain siren young widow, one Lady Sweetapple, who has been richly dowered by a wealthy husband. Lady Sweetapple is resolved to marry Fortescue, and makes little secret of her resolution. Neither indeed does Florry make much secret of her quite identical intentions. As she gets more excited and more unhappy, more and more she betrays her feelings. Indeed, in our idea, Mr. Dasent carries originality of conception somewhat far in his free development of female character under the excitement of unrequited passion. Widows, we know, have a certain prescriptive license, and Lady Sweetapple asserted great independence of manner. Still Lady Sweetapple abuses the widow's license; she plays her game even under the eyes of her friends, male and female, with scarcely an attempt at concealment, while, when she begins to fear that it is almost desperate, she actually couches her proposals in words more direct than most bashful men would venture on. Florry Carlton, too, is continually making almost spoken love to her hesitating swain. That indeed is the best excuse we can make for Fortescue's subsequent behaviour. Florry was an exceedingly nice girl, and there was very great excuse, we admit, for her weakness; for with Lady Sweetapple in the house, and the spectacle of her sister's happiness always before her eyes, her position was a very trying one. But she showed herself forward, all allowances made, and perhaps her forwardness offended Fortescue's fastidious taste, though he neither owns as much to himself nor to us. But if this be a fault in Dr. Dasent, as we think it is, still it is a fault on the right side. He makes his women creatures of flesh and blood and passion, not prudish abstractions with minds

formed on the teachings of an excellent governess, and manners regulated by printed canons of etiquette. So, to return from our digression, the struggle between Florry and Lady Sweetapple goes on, until both become jealous of a mysterious Miss Price whom they chance to have heard of, although they have never seen her. As it turns out, their feminine presentiments had not played them false, and while our verdict as to Lady Sweetapple is "served her right," we confess we are grieved for Florry Carlton. Condemning such a bright, impulsive, affectionate nature to perpetual celibacy or a subsequent marriage of convenience and consolation is a *dénouement* almost as unsatisfactory as that in the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

We have written of Dr. Dasent's personages as if they were living realities to us, and that he manages to make them so is the distinctive charm of his book. Without attempting more than flying sketches, without pretending to anything like subtle delineation of characters presented as very simple ones, he gives you the assurance that you might find their counterparts in the circle of your own acquaintance. Yet we are not sure that it is not his own lightness and brightness, rather than any extraordinary fidelity to nature, that does it all. We cannot help yielding ourselves and our objections to the illusion exercised by so very agreeable a writer, who writes as somehow having authority, although with an utter absence of assumption. We have already pointed out that Florry Carlton and Lady Sweetapple seem to us in some of their ways more or less lifelike. And we do not often meet in society mothers like Lady Carlton, or in finance fathers like Sir Thomas, ready to bestow their wealthy, lovely, and accomplished daughters on the first pair of fascinating good-for-nothings who present themselves. Nor is Colonel Barker an everyday type, who still makes affectionate love to the Indian garrison belle whom he married in the days of his early youth; nor Lord Pennyroyal, with his extravagant contrasts of benevolence and parsimony, the millionaire peer who refused his respectable son a decent allowance on principle, and sent 20,000*l.* as a wedding gift to a pair of comparative strangers; nor Mrs. Marjoram, who, from being the most irritating and offensive of shrews, changes, as by magic, to the most loving of wives. The more credit to Mr. Dasent, that while we can pick all these faults in detail, the general effect of his writing is so extremely realistic. He is a novelist who holds his fortune in his own hands. If he would but construct his entire story as artistically as he does its episodes and incidents, if he would make the originality of his creations a trifle less eccentric, we are convinced that he would do himself more justice than he has done as yet. Even if he gave proof of much less power and talent than he does, it would be impossible to part from him except on the pleasantest terms. For, while showing himself the man of the world and the man of society in every page of his book, he treats everything and everybody so genially that he puts us on happier terms with human nature and ourselves. There must be fools and knaves, adventurers and adventures, but it is the moral of Mr. Dasent's novels that the worst and most foolish have their redeeming qualities, and that goodness and kindness are far more common than it is the fashion to believe them.

REEVE'S ROYAL AND REPUBLICAN FRANCE.*

(Second Notice.)

WE now come to the matter of Mr. Reeve's collected Essays. We confess that we do not see that close connexion of purpose which, according to Mr. Reeve himself, we ought to find in them. The earlier ones, the first of which was published as long ago as 1844, are studies on various points of modern French history from Louis the Fourteenth onward, several of which might have been written at any time, and with no special object beyond ordinary historical illustration of the times with which they deal. When Mr. Reeve writes about Louis the Fourteenth and the Duke of St. Simon, or again about Beugnot and Mollien in the time of the first Buonaparte, there is really not much to say about him. He is neither particularly good nor particularly bad; the essays are such as might have been written by almost any one who had some practice in periodical writing, and who had the books before him on which the articles are founded. We see of course at every step that we are not dealing with a scholar or with a man of any wide grasp of history; but men who do not rise to that rank have their use in many walks of life, just as Horace, when he despises mediocrity in poets, declares it to be useful and respectable in lawyers. In these essays Mr. Reeve, though he shows no originality, shows some natural acuteness, and he is altogether far more tolerable than when he has lashed himself up to the fine frenzy of his later pieces. That he has but vague notions about the history of Flanders or about the history of the Empire is nothing very wonderful; he is therein simply on a level with the "general reader," to whom he characteristically dedicates his labours in his very first page. For us, who have been long trying to find out what kind of a being the general reader is, it may be as well to remember on so high an authority as that of Mr. Reeve, that he is a person whom "prolixity and redundancy almost invariably repel from a collection of the materials for history." We have not all the books at hand which Mr. Reeve reviews, but

* *Royal and Republican France.* A Series of Essays reprinted from the "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," and "British and Foreign Reviews." By Henry Reeve. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

we should greatly like to see the original of the passage which in his version speaks of "the Spanish possessions in *Flanders*, including *Burgundy* and *Franché Comté*." And when Mr. Reeve speaks of "the pedantic Court of Vienna, where two succeeding centuries seemed scarcely to do more than change the name of the reigning sovereign," we should like to know of what two centuries Mr. Reeve is speaking. The remark belongs to the year 1668, and we should have thought that at all events the two centuries before that time had done a good deal more than change the name of the reigning sovereign. To be sure, the first Leopold, with whom alone Mr. Reeve is immediately concerned, reigned a long time, and Mr. Reeve may perhaps have somehow managed to spread him over the whole of the two centuries. It is of more consequence when Mr. Reeve (i. 150), translating St. Simon, not only talks of "*effrenate persecution*"—whatever that may be in either English or French—goes on to say—

To understand what I have to say of an affair which so principally occupied all the rest of the reign of Louis XIV., the minority of Louis XV., and all the reign, latent under the *Duke*, open since his fall, of Cardinal Fleury, many things which are scattered in these Memoirs must be recalled to mind.

After the words "the Duke" Mr. Reeve adds, in brackets, "of Orleans." We fancy that, if Mr. Reeve will turn to any history of France, he will find that the Duke of Orleans and "M. le Duc" were two quite different persons.

On these essays then there is really no great reason to dwell. They were all well enough as articles in the several Reviews in which they appeared; only we doubt whether, at all events in their unrevised form, stuffed with extracts and full of the little tricks of periodical writing, they had any claim to appear in the form of a book. We will only add that we hope that, if people in the next world know anything of what is said of them in this, the shade of the *Grand Monarque* will not be unduly puffed up on learning that Mr. Reeve has "already expressed a high opinion of his industry and talents."

The articles which refer to later times are of more importance. Mr. Reeve now gets on his high horse, and his prancings are often somewhat of the mightiest. From that height he looks down on the rest of the world, and deals out praise and blame in an imperial fashion. But there is one name before which he is always bowed down. Mr. Reeve, lifted on high in comparison of other people, seems to stand in a kind of Boswell-like relation to Alexis de Tocqueville. And we must do him the justice to say that he has not unsuccessfully imitated some of the weaker points of his model. Mr. Reeve in truth has a knack of doing this. We do not see that he has learned much from any of the great essays of Lord Macaulay, though they appeared in the same Review, and some of them dealt with nearly the same subjects, as his own. But Lord Macaulay in an unguarded moment let fall a remark towards the end of the second volume of his History, in which he casually put together the dangerous classes, as they are called, of modern European society, and those founders of the existing nations of Europe whom people of Mr. Reeve's stamp are fond of speaking of as the "barbarians." Lord Macaulay let drop this saying much as he let drop the saying about the New Zealander. And as other people have used the New Zealander over and over again, so Mr. Reeve uses the "barbarians." The comparison in itself is about as much to the purpose as the fashion of calling dirty little boys "street Arabs"; but what Lord Macaulay said once casually and perhaps carelessly, Mr. Reeve says over and over again in various forms and with evident delight. In the like sort he deals with his model Tocqueville. We need not say that Mr. Reeve's one object of veneration is at least well chosen. To be sure in his famous translation he dealt with his idol much as the Arcadians are said to have dealt with Pan, but in both cases we have no doubt that the form of reverence, however strange in our eyes, was the fruit of sincere devotion on the part of those who offered it. Mr. Reeve has found in Tocqueville the "exemplar vitii imitabile." Tocqueville was a man of keen insight and political sagacity, but he was not a scholar, and it is only his later work, that on the *Ancien Régime*, which shows any signs of research into the past as distinguished from observation of the present. In studying the Federal Constitution of the United States it does not seem to have occurred to him to compare it with Federal Constitutions in other times and places, not even with that Achaian Constitution of which it was so close a reproduction, a reproduction all the more precious because it was most certainly undesigned. Tocqueville moreover wrote in French; he was a Norman, and we therefore claim him as something better than a Frenchman; but he wrote in the language one of whose characteristics is an apparent accuracy as distinguished from that real accuracy which belongs alike to old Greek and to modern German—Mr. Reeve's Macedonian—whenever modern German does justice to itself. The temptation of French writing is to affect point at any price. Now, had M. de Tocqueville taken a good dose of Thucydides, Aristotle, and Polybios, he would have learned that "democracy" is the name of a form of government, and that it has nothing to do with the social condition of the country in which it prevails. That absolute political equality of every citizen, which is the real meaning of the word "democracy," is perfectly consistent, as ancient Athens shows, with widely marked social distinctions and with a powerful practical influence of birth and wealth. But Tocqueville unluckily used the words "democracy," "democratic," and the like to express a certain social state, as distinguished from a certain form of government. Now Mr. Reeve is doubtless quite right in holding

that the social condition of a country is of at least as much consequence as the form of its political government; but that is no reason for speaking in a way which confuses the social condition with the form of government. Mr. Reeve constantly uses the word "democracy" in a way which answers to the kindred vulgarism by which some people call certain particular classes "the aristocracy." For the misuse of the word aristocracy there is at least thus much of excuse, that a word is sometimes wanted for an idea which, in England at least, the word "nobility" does not express; and of course "aristocracy," or anything else, is not quite so bad as talking about the "upper ten thousand." But for Mr. Reeve's vulgarism at the other end there is nothing to be said whatever; it simply confounds all history and all political science, and it gives him an excuse for talking as if he meant something specially wise, when in truth his words have no meaning at all. "It [the late despotism] was the chosen Government of democratic France, and especially of that portion of the French democracy, the peasantry, which, though narrow-minded, ignorant, and easily duped, is incomparably more honest and attached to the cause of peace and order than the democracy of the large towns." So again, "the democracy of the provinces is conservative. The democracy of the towns is destructive." And again, "the democracy of France would probably be surprised if they knew that we laid to their charge the same vice of exclusiveness which they attributed to the old aristocracy and the nobles." In the former two or three passages Mr. Reeve by democracy evidently means, not a form of government, not even a political party, but simply the poor, the lower orders, the mass of the people, whatever we choose to call them. In the third passage, it is not very clear to us, nor probably to Mr. Reeve either, whether he really means a social class, or whether the ideas of a social class and a political party have got confounded together. Moreover we get the grotesque idea of the democracy of France, whatever it may be, troubling itself about vices which are laid to its charge by Mr. Reeve. But it is more important to ask what Mr. Reeve means by democracy in such passages as the following:—

It is a melancholy reflection that but little has been done by modern democracy to dignify and exalt mankind.

Democracy, it may be, bears with it the destiny or the doom of civilization, but nowhere as yet has it been favourable to greatness.

To all institutions of this permanent nature the spirit of democracy is opposed. It views with a jealous and hostile eye everything that it cannot control. It resists permanent and collective obligations as an encroachment on the unlimited personal freedom of the individual.

Democratic power is an essential and useful check to the abuses of authority; but it is a feeble or violent instrument of government, and the collective strength of a nation may be sensibly diminished by it.

Even the sentiment of patriotism . . . is weakened by democracy, and may eventually be destroyed.

Now in all these passages, what does Mr. Reeve mean by democracy? He means something which exists in France; he means something which he also tells us exists in the United States. He does not tell us whether what he calls democracy exists or has existed anywhere else. Now, if there is democracy in France, and if there is democracy in the United States, it is plain that democracy must mean two very different things. The characteristic of French history since 1789 is that nothing has lasted, that no Government has been permanent, that law has been over and over again overthrown by violence, that democracy has twice at least been turned into despotism. Nothing of the kind has been the result of democracy in the United States; there has been a great civil war, and, as a civil war cannot be carried on strictly according to the terms of an Act of Parliament, some irregular and illegal acts have accompanied and followed the war. But the general course of the history of the Union has been one of eminent regard for law, and of almost superstitious veneration for a Constitution which came into force in the very year when the long disturbances of France began. But we might go on to ask whether Mr. Reeve ever heard of that other democratic commonwealth where the votes of hundreds of thousands, given in a free and true *plebiscite*, have determined on the not revolutionary course of keeping their Constitution as it is. If we were not dealing with a writer who thinks either that there was only one King at a time in Sparta or else that there are two at a time in Prussia, we would ask if Mr. Reeve ever heard the names of Athens and Florence? Mr. Reeve's talk about democracy—in any sense of the word which history can recognize—being opposed to permanent institutions, and even to patriotism, reaches the same sublime of ignorance which was reached by Lord Palmerston when he said that Gothic architecture was fit only for a Jesuit's college. Here is a phenomenon; here is a man whose writings find their way into a periodical which was once enriched by some of the great masterpieces of the English tongue, who not only cannot write a sentence free from vulgarity, conceit, and affectation, but to whom all history is a blank. Mr. Reeve is already in the state to which Mr. Lowe would have us all come. To him Marathon and Morgarten, the return of Thrasyloulos and the last long endurance of Florence against Pope and Cæsar, are as though they had never been. We know not whether Mr. Reeve ever stood on the field of Marathon; if he did, he has successfully realized that hypothetical character whom Johnson did not envy, and in whom he hardly believed. We know not whether he ever risked his neck among peaks, passes, and glaciers; it is quite certain that, if he did, he never stooped to cast a glance at the democratic, and yet somehow patriotic, commonwealths which lie beneath them.

As Mr. Reeve would say, we have not space to point out all the queer but, in their way, instructive things which are to be found in the course of his essays. But it is both amusing and instructive to look at the way in which he deals with early French history when he comes across it. The mind of the "general reader," so far as we can fathom so deep a mystery, seems to have a dim notion that all that is now France always was France, and yet was not always France. That the boundaries and divisions of France were once different from what they are now is a fact which he is constantly coming across, but which he always comes across with surprise. It is with a sort of stately condescension that he stoops to look at any part of France out of Paris; perhaps he would be equally grand towards any part of England out of London. "There is too, it must be acknowledged, a picturesque charm in those rural districts which modern improvement has not squared and levelled and embellished." This is perhaps as much as poor rustics have any right to look for from a Registrar of the Privy Council. But we wish we had space to copy at length, like Mr. Reeve himself, his speculations about French provinces and cities. "The old names of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Flanders, and Provence insensibly recur when we have to speak of the rural life and native character of these regions; for these divisions are indelibly rooted in the soil." And so on for pages together, apologizing and explaining for calling things by their natural names. "Flanders," Mr. Reeve kindly explains, "had in fact nothing in common with France, to which it had been comparatively recently annexed." It would take a page to explain the exact balance of truth and error in this passage, but anyhow the simplicity of the remark is charming. Mr. Reeve, however, is greatest when he comes down from his very highest place, from the Olympus whence he hurls his thunders against the Communists, to talk about the old municipal institutions of France and other parts of Gaul. It is a witness such as we seldom get to the value of historical, and even of local, research that, in the midst of "an awful prelude to the most tremendous catastrophe in the history of man," when "the lurid glare of another conflagration was lighting up the ruins of the ravaged city," when "these myrmidons"—why is that particular division of the Achaean host so often in the mouths of writers of Mr. Reeve's class?—"were trampling on the Cross and casting down the Column" (the union of the two capital Cs might suggest that in Mr. Reeve's creed there is some mysterious sanctity about the Vendôme pillar), at such a moment as this, Mr. Reeve, though "for himself" he was free to confess that an hour of ocular observation frequently teaches more than a century of books and written records, can turn to review several books on communal antiquities, and can even stop to point out that some cities of Eastern France had belonged to what he is pleased to call the Germanic Empire. Mr. Reeve seems to have been just then in a patronizing humour. He pronounces Dr. Brady's (the M.D., not the D.D. and psalmist) Essay on English Boroughs to be the best authority on the subject—a point on which the Early English Text Society would perhaps not agree with him—and he does honour to the "prodigious erudition and searching discrimination" of Augustin Thierry. He quotes "M. Michelet" and "the monk of St. Denis" side by side, as co-ordinate authorities, and he even makes a reference to Pertz, about which we are not a little curious to know whether it was made at first hand. All this comes cheerily among talk about "secular tumults" and "*sicarian* [*sic*] bands." A "secular tumult," not unnaturally, seems to be one in which people "plundered abbey." Mr. Reeve gives an amusing list of towns, French, Aquitaine, and Burgundian, all jumbled together, and adds that "the earliest act of homage of the citizens of Perigueux to the Kings of France took place in 1204." We have made no researches to verify or to disprove the fact; but, if it was so, did it ever enter into Mr. Reeve's head to think why it was in that particular year that it happened?

Mr. Reeve might, we think, have spared some personal remarks on M. Louis Blanc, who, whatever we think of his opinions, has at least suffered for them. But in the eyes of the prosperous ill success is very fittingly the greatest of crimes. Wishing however to part on good terms with Mr. Reeve, we will end with one extract more:—

There may be freedom under a monarchy; there may be oppression under a republic; and at certain epochs of the history of a nation a republic may be accepted as the safer and stronger form of power.

In these words, if there is somewhat of stateliness, there is no lack of truth. There is not to be sure much of novelty in them, but to ask Mr. Reeve to be at once true and new would be laying too heavy a burden on him.

PEAKS IN PEN AND PENCIL*

THIS is another in the series of books by which Mr. Walton, the well-known painter of mountain scenery, is endeavouring to indoctrinate the British public in an intelligent worship of the Alps. The present volume is intended to help the beginner in his attempts to reproduce the likeness of the wondrous peaks that have impressed his imagination during his summer rambles. A number of Mr. Walton's outlines have been reproduced in autotype and are accompanied by letterpress, which has had the benefit of Mr. Bonney's revision, setting forth the lessons to be drawn from them by the tiro. The whole book may be regarded as in some sort an appendix to Mr. Ruskin's admirable, though rather desultory, chapters upon mountain scenery in the *Modern Painters*. The

advice given to the beginner appears to be sound, though brief. The importance of understanding the geological structure of the masses he is endeavouring to portray, the necessity of observing the rules of perspective, and of duly selecting his point of view, are all set forth with proper emphasis. We need not look at many specimens of the art in order to perceive that these directions, if tolerably obvious, are far from superfluous. The world is deluged with sketches in which the experienced eye at once detects the utter ignorance of the artist, and his incapacity to take advantage of the most effective aspects of nature; and we have no doubt that an intelligent student may learn much by a careful study both of Mr. Walton's precepts and his practice. We would venture, however, on the present occasion to draw a moral slightly different from that contemplated by Mr. Walton. He lays great stress upon the importance of "composition"; by which he means, as he is careful to explain, not that the artist should arrange the masses according to his own notions of what would be beautiful, but that he should select from the infinite combinations presented to him by nature those which will be most impressive when translated into a few black marks upon grey paper. Admitting all that Mr. Walton says, and admitting, too, what he does not expressly say—namely, that any artist, however resolutely he goes to nature, will inevitably express his own tastes by selecting certain classes of subjects—we would add that there is a danger against which Mr. Walton scarcely gives sufficient warning. Indeed, in spite of his conspicuous merits, he is, to our thinking, sometimes inclined to fall into the error to which we refer.

Mr. Walton evidently has in his mind a certain type of mountain beauty which he reproduces with rather provoking iteration. If we attempt to put his practice into words, we should say that the ideal mountain of his imagination is a uniform pyramid, rising above a delicate veil of mist which conceals its foundations, and seen from a platform of level rock in the foreground. The frontispiece of the present book is a drawing of the Dent Blanche, seen from the neighbourhood of Evolena, which corresponds pretty accurately to this description. We are far from denying its beauty; indeed we may admit that such views, when they can be obtained, are amongst the most striking in the Alps; but we must add that they are not only rare, but far from being the most characteristic of the infinitely varied combinations of cliff and slope and snow-field to be met with in the mountains. The love of this peculiar form seems to us to blind Mr. Walton to some of the grandest of all scenery. He specially admires the aiguilles of Chamouni and the Dauphiné district, and there we have no fault to find with him; he seems to have a still warmer, if not more profound, admiration for the Dolomites. Far be it from us to say one word against the beauties of the Marmolata, the Antelao, or the Sasso di Pelmo. Undoubtedly there is something very original and extremely beautiful in the singular scenery of which they are the ornament. But our quarrel with Mr. Walton begins when he introduces the magnificent precipices of the Oberland as a kind of corollary to the Dolomites. Though he does not expressly say so, we feel that he regards the Jungfrau and Eiger, and even that incomparable peak the Wetterhorn, as complimented when mentioned in the same breath with the more grotesque summits of the Venetian Alps. By all means let every man have his taste; and let us grant that a painter might find work for a lifetime in interpreting to the world the beauties of Mr. Walton's favourites. The selection, however, seems to us to imply a certain indifference to some of the main elements of mountain grandeur. In the first place, this love of peaks and pyramids explains why it is that Mr. Walton's mountains seem to be too often open to the criticism of the painter described in Mr. Clarence King's *Sierra Nevada*. They look as if a good gale might blow them over. The Dolomites are wanting in the sublime massiveness of the Oberland giants. They are fanciful, grotesque, and exaggerated, and suggest the most daring efforts of some eccentric Gothic architects; but they miss the tremendous air of eternal repose which the Egyptian pyramids might have caught from the Northern Alps. Both are beautiful in their way, and we need not decide which is most beautiful; but no one can be quite a worthy painter of mountain scenery who does not appreciate the weight and solidity of the more soberly devised masses. And, in the next place, there is another still more palpable deficiency in the Dolomites, which falls in with Mr. Walton's tastes. There is a want of the contrast obtained in the higher Alps by the judicious arrangement of glaciers. In the Wetterhorn, already noticed as in its way an almost perfect type, the sharp pyramid that cuts the sky gains more impressiveness than is due to the singular grace of its outline by the contrast with the gigantic pediment on which it rests and the long undulating lines of glacier below. This is a kind of beauty which Mr. Walton scarcely seems to recognize. He is not much at home in the snow-fields. He gives us in this volume only one drawing of a glacier, and the letterpress speaks of it rather as a natural curiosity than as an element in mountain beauty. Now glaciers, until they have all melted away, as they seem to be rapidly doing, are clearly amongst the most characteristic features of Alpine scenery, and the power of their rounded forms to enhance the grandeur of the precipices above them is an element of interest not to be safely neglected. Look, for example, at the Matterhorn, and observe the heightening of effect given by the long line of snow above the Zmutt Glacier. Omitting that, the great peak is indeed vigorous and astonishing, but it loses enormously in grace and unity; and yet if it were a Dolomite peak, it would necessarily abandon this beautiful appendage.

* *Peaks in Pen and Pencil*. By Elijah Walton. Edited by T. G. Bonney. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Mr. Walton observes in regard to two or three of the drawings in his book that they could not possibly be made into effective pictures: "Something might be done," he thinks, by blotting out certain offensive lines by a judicious cloud; but even with that expedient two or three of them remain hopeless. They would be useful as topographical or geological memoranda, but as pictures they are given as lessons on what to avoid. Without entirely dissenting from his judgment, we fancy that the tendencies just described are partly exemplified in this opinion. Of course, in a mere outline sketch, where the painter is deprived of light and shade and the play of clouds, and everything depends on the combination of a few black lines, the power of art is very limited. The most characteristic beauties of the mountains, indeed, depend upon the strange magic of the atmospheric effects, and without them a sketch is little more than a mathematical diagram. We can only wonder that Mr. Walton has done so much with such simple materials; and we may admit that it is impossible without calling in other resources to make much of the condemned drawings. If, however, the saying is to be interpreted as meaning that they could not be made into the skeletons of really impressive pictures, we should be inclined either to dissent, or to infer that pictorial art is still less capable than we generally suppose of embodying the poetry of the scenery. Mr. Walton, for example, gives us an outline of the summit of the Viso, rising beyond a snow-field. The line of snow which crosses the middle of the picture is, he says, "a fatal defect." And he adds, "skillful treatment with clouds might trick it up a little; but, do what you will, this sketch must always be deficient in composition and grandeur." Why so? one is inclined to ask. The expression of "tricking it up with clouds" is a little unfortunate, for it sounds as if Mr. Walton, instead of aiming at some definite effect of which the clouds formed an integral part, first painted his mountains and then dabbed on bits of cloud here and there to hide awkward corners. Such treatment would be fair neither to the clouds nor to the mountains, and Mr. Walton is doubtless above it; though, to be frank, we think he is a little too much given to use his clouds simply as pretty decorations. But, be that as it may, the scene is certainly one of those which affect one most powerfully in real life. The rough weatherbeaten rocks look all the more tremendous when contrasted with the level wilderness of snow. To give the effect of distance on the snow-field itself is indeed almost impossible from the want of aerial perspective, and one element in the effect on the spectator is therefore missing; but if the interest be concentrated on the scarred mountain-top, and it is thrown back to such a distance from the snow-field as to suggest the probability of the vast intervening gulf, we have the elements of one of the grandest varieties of mountain scenery. Whether melting in a gorgeous sunset, or beaten by a thunderstorm, the crags would look all the more imposing for their contrast with the calm white foreground. It is true that it would be impossible to give the impression of their height; and probably it would be judicious of the painter to advance more nearly to the edge of the snow. If for any reason, however, he were fixed to this particular spot, we fancy that he might succeed in spite of the supposed weakness in the composition. In the same way, though Mr. Walton is clearly right in objecting to various scenes in which the mountain-summits rise in a vertical line, one behind the other, and repeat each other's forms with monotonous and apparently artificial symmetry, it is still to be remembered that on many occasions this monotony becomes an element of interest in its way by suggesting an infinite series. The long procession of peaks causes us unconsciously to exaggerate their number, and the simple form becomes impressive by repetition. In short, though we do not dispute that Mr. Walton is generally right, there are obvious objections to imposing too vigorous a law of composition. The tendency to mannerism is set up, and the artist cannot be satisfied till he has got all his mountains arranged according to a preconceived pattern, with the three distances properly distinguished, and no one peak looking impudently over the head of his brother. Great as is the variety of Alpine scenery, there are certain combinations perpetually recurring, and the painter who gets into the trick of always using one will find that his own mountains have a marvellous family likeness. He will repeat his peak and his bit of mist, or his chalet with its group of pines, or his crevasse with a blue centre, as regularly and mechanically as though the Alps were as monotonous as the Lincolnshire fens. And, therefore, though the tiro may safely trust himself for the most part to Mr. Walton, we suspect that he would do well to make a few excursions on his own account, and occasionally try a subject forbidden by all the laws of composition. If he will see what is to be made of it, he may occasionally evolve harmony from discord, and at any rate will get for a time out of the old ruts.

WARD'S EXPERIENCES OF A DIPLOMATIST.*

IT has become a commonplace to remark how easy it will be for future generations to write the history of our times from the abundant matter we shall leave them in our newspapers; but, as with many other commonplaces, there is a good deal of fallacy in the notion. Not only will the mere bulk of newspaper material

be almost overpowering to the future historian, but there will be presented so many different and often conflicting views of the same event, down to its most trivial details, that its general bearing will be hard to discover; and the habit of exaggeration which seems to increase every year upon our public writers will prevent their articles from being a faithful reflection of the facts. If any Englishman in India or America is fortunate enough to have a well-informed, intelligent, and fair-minded correspondent at home, he will learn from his private letters much about politics which he would not learn from the newspapers, always pitched in an unnatural key, and he may probably get a juster impression of the tendency of current changes than a study of Parliamentary debates and leading articles could convey. It is therefore, we venture to think, a mistake to believe that the utility for historical purposes of personal memoirs and diaries is now at an end. Apart from their interest to subsequent times as repositories of the sort of gossip which does not find its way into a regular history, they will give even to the professed student a particularly valuable kind of information—a notion of the views entertained by thoughtful men who had no motive either for dissembling or exaggerating their real sentiments upon matters which the public prints declaim about with often affected vehemence. Such views, too, are specially suggestive when we know something of the character and surroundings of the writer; for one thus sees how certain facts struck people of a given class and mental temper, whereas the newspaper writer is impersonal, often untraceable at the time, and still more so after the lapse of years. We are for this reason glad to welcome such a book as that before us, in which an unprejudiced observer, whose circumstances have enabled him to see the interior of foreign life and politics, gives us the impression made on him by thirty eventful years of German history. The author strikes us as an amiable and cultivated man, singularly fair and unbiassed in political, if not quite equally so in religious, matters; comprehensive in his interests, sober in his judgment, and conscientiously anxious to do justice to the views and characters of those with whom he was brought into contact. He writes clearly, simply, and pleasantly; and although the book has the form of a personal narrative, it is free from any tinge of egotism.

Mr. Ward's diplomatic career began with an appointment, in 1841, to act as British Commissioner for the revival of the Stade Toll, a tax which the Hanoverian Government then levied upon vessels navigating the Elbe, and which was a source of much annoyance to ourselves as well as to the Hamburgers. In 1845 he was appointed by Lord Aberdeen Consul-General at Leipzig, with a sort of general commission to report upon commercial questions in Germany; and in 1860 he was transferred to Hamburg as British Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, where he remained till the abolition of that office in 1870. He had thus excellent opportunities of watching the course of German politics during one of the most eventful periods in the history of the nation, and he gives us a good many valuable remarks on the forces which were at work, some bringing about, some retarding, national unity, together with interesting notices of influential personages known only by name in England, such as Schwartzberg, Radewitz, the Archduke John of Austria, Anillon, Savigny, Lappenberg, Sieveking, Baron von Scheel-Plessen, the painter Cornelius, and many others. These notices are generally briefer than one would wish, and sometimes approach the trivial. Apollo does not always bend his bow, and it is some comfort to know that Count Bismarck feels the necessity and the difficulty of making small talk to his guests:—

He [M. de Bismarck] spoke of English country life, which, he said, must be a most agreeable thing, and that he himself was fond of the country, and regretted that his official duties prevented him from spending more time upon his estates. He inquired how I liked Berlin, and said that the Prussian capital was really well off for good society. "I have had a glimpse of London," added M. de Bismarck; "your nobility are said to be rather exclusive, but London in the season must be very enjoyable."

But in many cases such reports of stray conversations supply just those little touches of individuality which one desires, and so often desires in vain, in the case of people whom we know by their books or by fame, and of whom one wishes to catch some slight personal impression for the imagination to work upon. The following, for instance, is interesting to scholars:—

At Wachsmuth's house I had the pleasure of meeting Godfrey Hermann, the great philologist, then in his seventy-fifth year, but fresh in intellect, and able to continue his lectures on the Greek drama with unabated vigour. He was a short spare man, fresh coloured, and of a lively and ardent temperament, which he inherited from his mother, who was of French descent. His habits were active, and he rode a great deal for exercise, contrary to the custom of German professors. We talked of English scholars, most of whom were known to him. Upon Gaisford he bestowed much commendation. He said, "You English philologists are so fortunate as to be provided with rich prebendaries and dignities in the Church. Your Church feeds the study of the classical authors who ignored Christianity." I remarked to Hermann that he was himself a doctor of theology, and I presumed had been in some measure occupied with ecclesiastical matters. He answered, "No, indeed, I care little about them. I have rather accustomed myself to look at religion from the point of view of the ancients, and I do not trouble myself at all about Church affairs." I asked him whether he thought that for a great commercial country like England the system of classical instruction followed in our public schools was the most desirable? He said, "Why not? the ancients are the best humanizers; they inspire youth with brave and noble thoughts. As a nation you are egotistic, and your Church is too mercenary to expect much veneration from young men. I should be sorry if the classics should fall into neglect in your academies." A merchant who was present started some objections, but Professor Wachsmuth supported his colleague's opinion, and thought that the Real-

* *Experiences of a Diplomatist; being Recollections of Germany founded on Diaries kept during the years 1840-1870.* By John Ward, C.B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

schulen, or non-classical schools, had been carried rather too far in Germany. I walked home with Hermann, and in taking leave, he said, "Pray believe that I wish well to old England. I don't forget my English ring." This ring was a legacy he had bequeathed to him by Dr. Parr as the greatest critic of the age, and he wore it with peculiar satisfaction.

Here are some words on the present King of Saxony:—

Prince John was favourably known before his accession to the throne of Saxony as a man of letters, well versed in history, theology, and German law. As a member of the First Chamber of the Diet he frequently took part in the debates, and as one of the Committee charged with the examination of the proposed new code of criminal law, he consented to act as *Referent*, and his elaborate report materially contributed to the introduction of an improved system of penal legislation. He was in fact what is so rarely to be found among princes, an accomplished scholar. On the occasion of a visit which Frederick William IV. (of Prussia) paid to Dresden (I think in 1852) the King of Saxony and Prince John received their royal guest from Berlin at the foot of the palace staircase, who, on catching sight of them, called out to the King, "But you make too much ceremony with me, dear little angel!" and then, looking towards the Prince, "And you too, old schoolmaster!"

The following relates to the late King of Prussia:—

He had undoubtedly great social talents, and even if born in the middle rank of life would have been deemed a first-rate talker. At toasts and after-dinner speeches he was particularly good. The calumnies which were so industriously diffused in regard to his habits of life did not rest upon the slightest foundation. The King seldom drank anything stronger than wine and water, and if he was at times in elevated spirits, it certainly was not from any cause of that nature, but simply from the effect of society and conversation upon a peculiarly excitable constitution. His affection for the middle ages and the times of chivalry was the result of his education. He certainly did not inherit it from his father, who, with all his love of dictatorial power, had nothing romantic in his notions, and cared little about historical traditions. The leading idea of Frederick William IV. was that of the continuity of the past with the present; he did not object to the political machine moving forwards, but it must be in such a way as not to break off into a new track—not to violate the memory of what has gone before us. When he visited Eton College, he said to the Provost, "This institution has for me an inexpressible charm, for here the old is ever new, and the new never out of harmony with the old." Accordingly he believed his hereditary right to be of divine origin, and that whatever concessions he might make to the wishes of his people were to be measured by no other rule than that of his own royal conscience. . . . Immeasurably superior to his father in talents and accomplishments, he unfortunately laboured under the defect, fatal to one called to rule a nation, of indecision of character. His Ministers could not rely upon his consistency in the ordinary affairs of business; and in the great political movement of 1849 his incapacity to take a decided line one way or the other was nearly the ruin of the Prussian State.

This whimsey of divine right is held quite as firmly by his brother and successor, the present King of Prussia; but the latter, with far inferior tastes and talents, has the tenacity of purpose in which Frederick William IV. was deficient, and the power, when he finds a thoroughly able and competent adviser, of holding fast to him and trusting him even in things at first sight repugnant. It cost Bismarck some trouble to persuade his master to annex Hanover in 1866, but he succeeded, and has induced the King to do many things which any one who knows his earlier career, and his strong feudalist proclivities, might have deemed impossible. Unlike as they are in many other respects, there is in this a certain similarity between King William and Victor Emmanuel, whose characteristic merit has been his loyalty to capable Ministers, and a certain power of inspiring the belief that he will act in a straightforward way.

Mr. Ward's notices of the movement of the Germans towards national unity are somewhat more succinct than we could wish, but they are often of considerable value. He is good upon the Schleswig-Holstein business, and any one who has, as Mr. Carlyle would say, a taste for raking in the Eternal Dust-heaps, will find its main points and bearings well put and commented on. A clear *résumé* is given near the end of the volume of the changes introduced in 1865 on the formation of the North German Confederation, and of the way in which the constitution of that body has been subsequently modified by the entrance of Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden; and the author points out, what English critics usually forget, that even if the policy of Prussia may have been occasionally violent, the deadlock in Germany was one which nothing but violence could get rid of. When negotiations had been tried in vain for more than twenty years, it became clear that only the sword could decide between the pretensions of Austria and of Prussia to lead the nation; and between these two rivals no friend of enlightenment could hesitate. Englishmen forget that from 1815 down till 1866 the Austrian Government had been the embodiment of the reaction, the ally of the sacerdotal power, the oppressor of her non-German races, the great obstacle to the consolidation of the Germanic Confederation into a State. Whatever faults may justly be charged upon Prussia were certainly far less grave than these.

Though the best part of his own life has been spent in the diplomatic profession, Mr. Ward has formed no very high estimate of the services which it renders, at least so far as England is concerned. The following passage states his views on this subject:—

My experience has not tended to raise my estimation of the diplomatic profession in general. There is a great deal of smooth talk about trifles, much running about to hear what is passing, and to hunt up secrets, and many long-winded despatches without any point. The activity of the smaller diplomatists called the *mouches* is amusing enough. They cater for the ambassadors and envoys of the greater Powers, and are rewarded by their patronage and invitations. But all this bustle usually comes to nothing. What is wanted is more reflection and more political sagacity. It is easy enough to talk and write, but to think well is another matter, and without much thought it is not possible to hazard a prediction of coming events. . . . The envoys of Great Britain in foreign States are justly

accounted honourable and generous-minded men. They are gentlemen in the best sense of the word. Here and there an experienced statesman is to be found among them. But, upon the whole, British diplomacy has not been successful in gaining the confidence of foreign Governments. For a number of years past England has almost withdrawn herself from Continental affairs, and the notion, whether right or wrong, prevails, that we are indifferent to the fate of foreign nations, except in so far as our commercial interests are involved in their well-being. This is the reason why important political secrets are withheld from the knowledge of the British representatives abroad. It explains why the inimical relations between Prussia and France which led to the late war were not fully communicated to our ambassador at Berlin, and why he was left in ignorance of the dangerous overtures which had been made to Prince Bismarck on the part of the ruler of France for their mutual aggrandisement at the expense of independent States. . . . It was once suggested by Archbishop Whately that a prophecy office should be established by the Crown; that candidates for employment should be invited to deposit prophecies of events to happen at periods to be specified by them, and that those whose predictions had been most exactly fulfilled should be placed in high posts in the State service. Tried by such a test, I fear there are not many members of our diplomatic body who would be entitled to claim advancement, however striking may be their literary accomplishments, or their qualifications in a social point of view.

We do not understand Mr. Ward to mean, nor is there any reason to think, that our diplomatists are, man for man, inferior to those of other nations. But the peculiar position of England, her insularity, so to speak, of character and political system, as well as her geographical situation, places her at a certain disadvantage; while there is an air of ostentatious selfishness and contemptuous patronizing about the utterances of her press, and sometimes of her statesmen, which naturally makes us disliked by Continentals, who have no means of knowing that such utterances are far enough from representing the true feelings of the nation. Utterly unreasonable as was the sympathy of the upper and a large part of the middle classes for France in the late war, it did not in the main arise from a selfish view of English interests. It would be a much easier thing to launch us into a European war than foreign Governments believe, and they may some day find this to their cost. As respects the efficiency of our diplomatic agents, the truth seems to be that we need two different sorts of men. One of these we do not try to train; the other no training can do much to create. At each of the great Courts we ought to have as representative a man of great natural gifts, of political insight, force of will, serenity, and that indescribable power which people call "personal influence." Such men are as rare as great generals or great poets, and are as little to be produced by mere study and experience, though experience is necessary to ripen them. For all lesser work, for the smaller States and the subordinate agents at the great Courts, we chiefly want men trained to observe and report upon economical and legal questions, who can make the commercial and legislative experiments of other countries useful to us. Sometimes we are fortunate enough to have such (and Mr. Ward, we can believe from his book, was one), but our Foreign Office does not seem to be at any pains to produce them, and has but quite recently awakened to a sense of what may be required from them in this direction.

A CHINESE CLASSIC.*

"HAVE you read the Odes?" asked Confucius of his son. "Not yet," was the reply. "If you do not learn the Odes," rejoined the sage, "you will not be fit to converse with." Such was the estimate formed by Confucius of the original of the collection before us. To Western readers, who may be inclined to judge them only as pieces of poetry, the value thus set upon them will seem grossly exaggerated; but that we may have an opportunity of forming a correct judgment of their worth at the time of their appearance in a collection, we must view them from the same standpoint with Confucius. And to do this we must glance at the condition of China in the sixth century before Christ. The Empire of that day was divided into a number of small principalities, presided over by feudal chiefs who owed allegiance of a nominal kind to the Emperor. Following the instincts of their class, as his control over them became weakened they fought and quarrelled, intrigued and plotted one against the other, until the whole system of government became demoralized and the bonds of social union became loosened. The unsettled condition of the body politic was reflected in every department of State and in every household throughout the land. Parents took no heed of their children, and children paid no respect to their parents. Wives neglected their domestic duties, and husbands sought only their own amusements and pleasures. To reform this state of things was the task which Confucius set himself, and it was by attempting to revert to the strict observance of public and social rites and ceremonies that he hoped to accomplish his object. One of the chief instruments he employed to attain this end was the "Book of Poetry," of which he himself said, "The three hundred odes may be summed up in one sentence—Thought without depravity." By urging the study of it on both rulers and people, he trusted to induce them to return to that state of primitive simplicity from which they had so far fallen when

the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

How the Odes were to accomplish this will be better understood if

* *The She King; or, the Book of Poetry.* With a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena, and Copious Indexes. By James Legge, D.D., LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

we briefly sketch their history. Like the wise man of whom Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun speaks, the Emperors of China from the remotest antiquity had attached great importance to the popular ballads of the country, as indicating the disposition of the people and the nature of the laws which governed them. One of their first duties was therefore to make themselves acquainted with the odes and songs current in the different States. And with this object meetings were held at well-known points at which the princes and governors attended, each with his music-master, to listen to and to collate the ballads from the different parts of the Empire. Chinese writers affirm that at the time of Confucius there were more than three thousand odes current among the people, and that the sage, rejecting those he deemed unsuitable, compiled the present collection, which consists of three hundred and five pieces. Dr. Legge considers, and we think with justice, that the number above quoted is largely in excess of the popular ballads of that day, and he further holds that before the birth of Confucius the "Book of Poetry" existed substantially the same as at the present time, and that his work as a compiler consisted only in rearranging the order of its books and odes. "I returned from Wei to Loo, and then the music was reformed, and the pieces in the Ya and Sung (divisions of the work) all found their proper places," is all he tells us himself on the subject. And this mention is confirmatory of Dr. Legge's views, since reference is found to the Sung and the Ya odes in the Chow Ritual, a work which existed some years before the time of Confucius. But, be this as it may, there can be no doubt that to Confucius the "Book of Poetry" owes its immortality, for though a large portion of its contents may be described as genuine poetry, its intrinsic merits are not such as alone to account for its preservation. It was the unbounded admiration expressed for it by Confucius, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired his disciples for it, that ensured its revival after the burning of the books by the tyrant of Tsin, and secured it the high place it at present holds in the literature of China. The man who had not studied its pages was, in the opinion of the sage, "like one who stands with his face right against a wall."

The majority of the Odes consist of lines of four characters, forming from the nature of the language four syllables. This was the almost invariable ancient metre, and is considered a test of the genuine antiquity of Chinese poetry. In the "Book of Poetry" it is occasionally departed from, and we have instances of pieces of lines of two, three, five, six, seven, and eight characters; but these are rare exceptions, and have gained admission into the compilation from intrinsic evidences of their undoubted age. This and other peculiarities in the text have received ample attention from Chinese scholars of every age. Dr. Legge gives us a list of upwards of fifty works which he has consulted in making his translation. No point, however small, has escaped the notice of the critics, and especially to the explanation of the rhythm of the Odes they have devoted immense labour. It is plain from the construction of the lines that they are all intended to rhyme. Some do, even as read at the present day, as for instance:—

Cho pe foo teen
Suy tsen shih teen
Wo tsu ki chin
Shih wo nung jin, &c.

But, on the other hand, many do not, and the commentators have been driven to make certain very wild conjectures to account for the inconsistency. They are all agreed that the sounds of many of the characters had not the same value then as now, but the apparently extreme irregularity of the rhyming terminations has rendered it impossible for them to lay down any definite law on the subject, and the now generally accepted opinion among native scholars is that they are susceptible of no rule, but that, by virtue of poetical license, they should be taken at the value affixed to them by the composers—a value which was perfectly understood by the educated at the time at which they were written.

Such is briefly the nature of the "Book of Poetry." It is one of the nine Chinese classics, and the translation before us forms the fourth instalment of the series upon which Dr. Legge has been so long engaged. The industry and erudition displayed in the preparation of the prolegomena are worthy of all imitation, and to students of the classics the information therein collected will be of inestimable value. Dr. Legge's well-known character as a sinologue makes it almost unnecessary to speak of the accuracy of his translation were it not that his version is open to the objection of being too literal. The wide gulf which separates the two languages renders it necessary, when translating from Chinese into English, slightly to attune the style of the original to English forms of speech. This may be done without any departure from strict accuracy, and it makes the difference between a readable and an unreadable translation. Dr. Legge tells us that his aim "has been to give a version of the text which should represent the meaning of the original, without addition or paraphrase, as nearly as he could attain to it"; and the reason he gives for not having attempted a metrical version is that, as a whole, the collection is not worth the trouble of versifying. This is certainly the case; but, even had it not been so, we think he would have exercised a wise discretion in avoiding the difficulties of a poetical translation. A work such as this appeals only to the small section of the public who are interested in Oriental literature, and to them its chief value consists in the accuracy with which the native ideas are rendered into English. A very slight acquaintance with metrical translations of Eastern poems is enough to prove how little of the original spirit is left, as a rule, in the tortured rhymes

which profess to reproduce it, and of this Dr. Legge gives us an example. Bunsen, in his "God in History," has given several passages from the "Book of Poetry," translated in verse from a German poetical version of Lacharme's translation of the original; and of these Dr. Legge says, "If the odes from which they were taken were not pointed out in the foot-notes, it would be difficult, even for one so familiar with the Chinese text as myself, to tell what the originals of them were."

To quote from Dr. Legge's translation would give a totally inadequate idea of the real aim and value of the Odes. They are almost entirely allusive, and have reference to the events and manners of the time in which they were written. The result is that, without a careful study of the foot-notes, they are for the most part unintelligible. With this help, however, they become highly interesting records of the condition of China in the time when Nebuchadnezzar sat on the throne of Babylon. But to students of Chinese the translation before us, accompanied as it is with the text, has the additional value of giving a clear insight into the construction of the style in which the classical literature of China is written. To all who desire to gain acquaintance with the language this knowledge is essential, and we know of no better text-book for the purpose than Dr. Legge's translation.

We cannot close this notice without making reference to the entire series of which the present work forms a part. In the immense literature of China nine works hold a lofty pre-eminence. One claims Confucius as its sole author, others bear traces of his hand, and all embody his doctrines and reflect his teachings. Their influence, even at the present day, is unbounded. A complete comprehension of them forms the sum total of the highest education in China. By a knowledge of them men rise to the highest rank in the State, and no official post, however mean, is open to him who has not studied their pages. They supply the keynote to the conduct of the government of the country, and form the criterion by which every action, whether public or private, is finally judged. To all thoughtful minds, works which have exercised so supreme a control over the intellects of the millions of China for three-and-twenty centuries cannot but be of very great interest. Of some of them translations of more or less value have from time to time appeared, but at the present day no uniform translations of the nine exist. On the completion of such a series Dr. Legge is now engaged. Already six instalments of the work have appeared, and the admirable manner in which they have been handled forms the very best guarantee of the successful reproduction of the remaining three. Dr. Legge is without doubt the greatest of English sinologues, and he has chosen for his labours the work which by virtue of that position rightfully belongs to him.

A GOOD MATCH.*

THERE is a certain questionable tendency in the plot of this story against which we think it only right to warn all mothers who have marriageable daughters. The heroine, who, in her own words, "was well born, very handsome, but very poor," very properly states when she first introduces herself to the reader's notice that she "was to make a good match." We must admit too that she does what she says she was bound to do, for she makes a very good match. She is the poor niece of a poor baronet, and she marries a wealthy lord, who, unlike the ordinary wealthy nobleman of the novel, adds to his peerage and the family estates virtues enough for half a dozen commoners. This story then would seem to be just the very book that a judicious parent should hasten to put into her daughter's hands, in the hope that her child too might tread the same narrow path of virtue, and find the strait gate which opens into some nobleman's estate. Unhappily, admirable as is the end reached by this young lady, the heroine, not equally admirable is the course which leads her to this end. A story is told how one of the richest silver mines in South America was discovered by a man in his passion throwing a stone at an ass. As the stone left his hand he was astonished at its weight, and, going after it to pick it up, found it was nearly pure silver. From that time, we believe, asses in South America have been most diligently pelted, but while their sides have been sadly bruised, no silver mine, as far as we can learn, has ever been discovered by that method. In like manner we fear that the only result of such a novel as the one before us will be to lead to a good deal of love-making, and not a few improvident engagements, but whether a peer will be caught is another question. No doubt a young lady who takes shelter from the rain under an oak-tree where four roads meet, and there falls into conversation with a young stranger "who had a knapsack on his back, and a thick stick in his hand," may find that her total disregard of all propriety, so far from being punished, is rewarded with a noble husband. No doubt the same young lady, when later on she engages herself to the same young gentleman, though she learns that he is only a clerk in Messrs. Stillington, Stephenson, & Co.'s, Cheapside, at 100*l.* a year, may in course of years find that her husband is a nobleman, and that she can exchange her London lodgings for "the handsomest place in North Longshire." Nevertheless, if these are the lessons of life that are to be taught by our novelists, the least that a prudent mother can fear is that her daughter may catch a severe cold by waiting in the rain at a cross-road for the disguised nobleman to appear, while there is a

* *A Good Match.* By Amelia Perrier, Author of "Mea Culpa." 2 vols. London: King & Co. 1872.

considerable risk that she may catch, instead of a cold, some poor "commercial gentleman" for her husband. While the prudent mother is teaching her children that the path to matrimony is as plain as that to the parish church, while she is pointing out that a good match, like every other good thing, is the reward of well-applied efforts and constant attention to a variety of apparently trifling matters, these novelists step in, and with their romantic stories scatter to the winds the principles which it has taken years to inculcate. How much dissatisfaction with their lot is produced in the hearts of young women by these fantastical stories none can tell. Men indeed to some extent are led astray by gambling, and hope to achieve fortune by the lucky chance of an hour. But nevertheless most men are sensible enough to know that the only path to fortune on which they can count is sustained and well-directed effort; they do not go lounging by the river-side in the hope of having a chance of rescuing an heiress from drowning, nor do they take their stand by the side of a London crossing-sweeper, with a view to rescue some wealthy bachelor from the wheels of a brewer's dray or a railway van. But what girl can be contented with the quiet discharge of her daily duties at home, when she knows that, unless the house by good luck catches fire, she has not the smallest chance of meeting her hero? The frequency of fires, as we read, is attributed to the carelessness with which lucifer matches are left about. We should be inclined ourselves much more to find the explanation in the carelessness with which novels are left about. Who can blame a young lady well versed in this kind of literature, who knows that at any moment a hero may be passing in the street ready to risk his life to save hers, if she puts the light to the curtains of her bed, and appears shrieking at her window? Much more is this likely to be the case at the present moment, when, if rumour is correct, the firemen's corps is often reinforced by volunteers of the highest rank, who may themselves be in quest of heroines quite as much as of conflagrations.

We must, however, leave this to the attention of the Insurance Companies, to whom it more properly belongs, and turn to a more direct consideration of the book before us. Lord Texworth, the hero's father, some twenty years before the story opens, had been "brought to utter ruin" by horse-racing. "His ancestral home came into the market," but, as much of the story turns on the terms on which it was sold, we will here quote the author's own words:—

"It was sold, but under a peculiar reservation. Lord Texworth, when he found himself a penniless man, retired from the scene altogether, and put his affairs into the hands of his family solicitors, who sold the house and estate for a rather low figure, but retained the option of repurchase for a larger sum, by Lord Texworth or his heirs, from the new possessors or his heirs at any time within five-and-twenty years.

Happily the "utter ruin" of a novelist is consistent with the possession of "a few thousand pounds," with which Lord Texworth, under the name of Mr. Stillington, and with a Mr. Stephenson as his partner, began to trade in London. Horse-racing lords, if they are easily ruined, are not so easily forgotten; nor does it seem very likely that one of them could have traded in Cheapside and lived in Doughty Street without being recognized. We can quite sympathize with the heroine when she says, "I have many times since puzzled myself to think how Lord Texworth succeeded so well in keeping this secret." "Grief and remorse had done their work" most thoroughly if, after three or four years' absence on the Continent, a nobleman could live in London and pass for a tradesman. Gambling lords no doubt must make excellent traders, and long before the twenty-five years had gone by Mr. Stillington was ready to buy back "his ancestral home." He had always been fearful lest, if he re-established the family fortune, it might be once more brought down by another spendthrift. His only son, therefore, he had brought up in entire ignorance of his birth, in the belief even that he was an orphan left under Mr. Stillington's charge. He it was, the clerk at 100*l.* a year, who, when out for his summer holiday, was so fortunately surprised by the storm of rain at the cross-roads, quite in the beginning of the first volume. The shower was happily so long as to allow of some sixteen pages of love-making at first sight. There are a great many more pages of love-making at second and at third sight. In fact, the book is almost entirely given up to love-making, or to its imitation. The heroine is persecuted by the attentions of a wealthy Liverpool tradesman, who, having "realized an enormous fortune by speculations in pickled pork," had changed his name from Duggins to Duchesne, and had bought Texworth Park. Sir John Croudour, the uncle—as wicked as the uncle of an orphan usually is, but much more needy—favoured Mr. Duchesne's suit. He was eager for his only son Mountford to marry the wealthy pork-merchant's only daughter; while Mr. Duchesne would only agree to the marriage on condition that he himself at the same time married Sir John's niece. The pickled-pork trade in Liverpool must be a very thriving one if it allows those who have engaged in it to make such proposals as the following:—

"Mountford was to get eighty thousand pounds now with his bride; and at Mr. Duchesne's death, an equal share with any children he might have by his second marriage, of the remainder of his money; exclusive of three thousand a year to be settled on me, and the Texton property, which he reserved for an eldest son.

The wicked uncle behaves so cruelly to his niece that to escape further persecution she plucks up her courage to run away. Happily for the reader, she has very little money with her, and so has to go to London in a second-class carriage. This gives our

author an opportunity of describing very minutely the inside of a second-class carriage, and the strange race of people who are to be found in it. She carefully describes also the refreshment-room and the food that is there supplied. Miss Perrier's readers—who no doubt will be either as wealthy or as high in rank as her characters—will be glad of the glimpse into a strange world which is thus happily afforded them by the temporary poverty of a baronet's niece, and will allow that seventeen pages are not at all too much to describe a three or four hours' journey in a second-class railway carriage. The heroine finds refuge in Mr. Stillington's house, and very soon is married to the hero. It is not till Mr. Stillington's death that they discover the dignities to which they are entitled, and as Lord and Lady Texworth enter into possession of the "ancestral home." The wicked uncle of course dies. Mr. Duchesne marries "a rather *passée* beauty of noble birth, but most impoverished fortune," while his daughter marries a lord "who spent as much of her fortune as he could get at, and then treated her so cruelly that she had to return to her father." Mr. Duchesne is not much better off in his marriage than his daughter, as his wife does not prove faithful to him. Happily, in our author's words, "The Lord Chief Justice Wilde—God help the Lord Chief Justice Wilde!—heard it all, and set Mr. Duchesne free to marry again." Why Miss Perrier invokes the divine aid on this Lord Chief Justice of her own creation we are at a loss to guess. It would be as well, however, if our author, before she bestows her benedictions on any occupant of the Bench, were first to consult some law almanack, and ascertain who it exactly is that she wishes to bless. It would be as well, too, if before she writes another novel, she were to get rid of a certain amount of vulgarity, and of a certain fine style of writing which is often to be found in company with it. The description of the death of Mrs. Duchesne, short though it is, is offensive to all good taste, while the constant reference to her husband's "porky antecedents" is scarcely more agreeable. Miss Perrier, while criticizing the language of the tradesman's daughter, says that "she did not conglomerate the English language quite to the extent that her papa and mamma did." We would advise Miss Perrier, before she writes about the English language, to make quite sure that she understands the meaning of the long words she uses.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE seventh volume of M. Dareste's *History of France** has just appeared; it contains the events of the reign of Louis XVI. and the French Revolution down to the end of the National Convention. We have already expressed our opinion of this work when the previous instalments were published; we shall now only say that after the one-sided productions of MM. Louis Blanc, Michelet, and Quinet, it is a relief to have to deal with a dispassionate and impartial narrative, which moreover exhibits considerable powers of style. We only regret that our author gives hardly any references to original sources, not a single note, not the smallest quotation. Without much increasing the bulk of his volumes, he might, we think, have enabled readers to verify his statements by the help of a few brief bibliographical indications.

M. Dollfus attempts to take a general survey of ancient history, and to explain the law which, according to him, is at the foundation of the progress of humanity.† For him the supernatural is a meaningless word, and there is no such thing as a miracle. God, he tells us, is merely the embodiment of the notion of law and of order, and law has no need of a miracle to manifest itself; history alone is sufficient to establish the necessity and the reality of law. Besides, the notion of the supernatural and that of history contradict one another; we must, he asserts, choose between them, or rather we must accept Christianity as it is revealed to us by the broad daylight of human conscience—that is to say, stripped of every idea of miracle, and reduced to the rank of a mere phenomenon in the succession of religions. M. Dollfus devotes a long introduction to an explanation of this theory, and after having shown how men's passions influence the course of events, he illustrates his scheme by a brief survey of the history of the old world, beginning with the Eastern nations, and taking us down as far as the dissolution of the Roman Empire. M. Dollfus seems to have carefully studied the latest authorities on Oriental history, but the conclusions which he draws from his researches are singular, to say the least; and when we see the idea which he forms of religion, our only wonder is that he should have thought it worth while to retain even the shadow to which he gives the name of Christianity. His book is a counterpart of M. Havet's volume which we lately reviewed, with a little less pretension to classical learning.

M. Charles Ritter has dedicated to the memory of M. Sainte-Beuve the French translations of twelve essays or lectures by Dr. Strauss‡, and M. Ernest Renan contributes a short preface to the collection. European civilization is much endangered, says the French critic, because France and Germany, instead of joining with England in opposing the progress of the common

* *Histoire de France, depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. C. Dareste. Vol. 7. Paris: Plon.

† *Considérations sur l'Histoire. Le Monde antique.* Par Charles Dollfus. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Essais d'Histoire religieuse, etc.* Par le docteur D. F. Strauss, traduits par M. Charles Ritter. Paris: Lévy.

enemy, have assumed towards each other a hostile position which strengthens the cause of evil, and is a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. The common enemy here meant, like a three-headed serpent, derives its vigour from the divisions now reigning amongst the natural champions of order and intellectual prosperity; and whether we consider the rapid strides made by international socialism, or the underhand intrigues of Jesuitism, or, finally, the ever-growing power of Russia, we have every reason to be alarmed. M. Renan goes on to say that France was wrong in attempting to stop the legitimate growth of Germany; but he finds fault also with Prussia for not having shown herself generous. At any rate, he adds, science should be kept carefully beyond the sphere of all these quarrels, for science has no country. The essays translated by M. Ritter form three distinct groups; the first contains pieces referring to theological controversy and to religious history, in the second are fragments of a biographical character, the third comprises sketches on subjects of art and taste.

Many years ago, in one of his most delightful *portraits littéraires*, M. Sainte-Beuve gave a touching sketch of Ampère, the great philosopher* whose name will always be associated with the science of electro-magnetism. Physical problems, however, were far from occupying the whole or even the chief part of that essay, and many interesting details were introduced showing Ampère as he was in private life, and placing before us the history of his heart and of his affections. M. Sainte-Beuve had the opportunity of consulting several family documents whilst preparing his biographical notice, and now, after an interval of more than thirty years, the whole of those documents are published by a relative who is anxious to preserve on record a memorial of the virtues of a man who was as truly good as he was distinguished in the scientific world. The success obtained by the *Récit d'une Savoir*, and by the delightful memoirs of the De Guérin family, have no doubt had much to do in determining the publication of this volume; but in any case M. Ampère's correspondence well deserved to be given to the world. The *dramatis persona* introduced, and the quiet history of the *savant's* courtship, of his struggles, and of his premature bereavement, are extremely touching. The volume is inscribed to a daughter, we suppose, of the great philosopher's son, M. J. J. Ampère, who, without having the genius of his father, was a most remarkable man for the variety and extensiveness of his knowledge. We hope to take an early opportunity of speaking more at length of this most interesting publication.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière† is sufficiently known by the various volumes he has already published on questions connected with the service to which he belongs. The book now before us, treating as it does of the progress accomplished during the last few years in the various branches of the navy, cannot fail to be interesting. The author begins by remarking that, as the seventeenth century witnessed the birth of the French maritime power, so it was reserved for the nineteenth century to see a thorough revival of the whole service. Two hundred years ago England and Holland combined were deemed amply sufficient to ruin the French navy; and in our own time Russia thought that the British and the French fleets together would be unable to resist the power of the Russian squadron. It is rather curious to notice under what impulse the Emperor Nicholas was acting when he challenged the united forces of England and France. He had all the antiquated prejudices against steam navigation, and when he found out his mistake it was too late to repair it. M. Jurien de la Gravière describes in his book the various episodes of the Crimean campaign, so far as the navy was concerned; he then makes a few remarks on the position of Venice during the Italian war, and concludes by some general observations on the means of increasing the efficiency of the service.

Amongst the distinguished Frenchmen who died during the Prussian war we must name M. Henri Regnault, the painter.‡ It must be unnecessary here either to enumerate his merits or to give the list of his pictures, for most of our readers have been able to appreciate them both; but it was natural that his countrymen should endeavour to perpetuate his memory, and to show what a gap his death has made in French art. The small volume of M. Henri Cazalis contains a biographical sketch of Regnault, illustrated by numerous extracts from his correspondence. A catalogue of the artist's productions appears as a supplement, and a portrait is added by way of frontispiece.

Dr. Bernard has published a new edition of his important work on general physiology.§ Written in the first instance at the request of M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, it appeared five years ago as part of the series of Reports issued by the Imperial Government. No material alterations have been introduced by the author in this reprint, and it stands now as one of the best modern contributions to natural philosophy. According to Dr. Bernard, physiology is distinctly an experimental science; that is to say, it takes as its basis and starting point the results of observation, and thus succeeds in conquering nature. The progress of physiology, our author remarks, is a fact which cannot be questioned for an instant; but still a number of barren disputes stand in the way, and it is necessary that physiologists

should first see how far their opinions are borne out by facts, and secondly determine what amount of truth there is in the views held by the "vitalists," the "animists," and other *savants* whose doctrines are of a somewhat exclusive character.

Several modern French writers have bestowed considerable attention upon the history of the eighteenth century, and have studied it from various points of view. We do not allude to M. Villemain, whose lectures at the Sorbonne created, when first delivered, quite as great a sensation as those of M. Cousin or M. Guizot. But during the last few years a number of well-known authors have devoted their studies to the epoch which immediately preceded the French Revolution; and the remarkable works of MM. Jules Barni, Arsène Houssaye, and Gustave Desnoiresterres may be mentioned amongst the foremost.* Whilst, however, the translator of Kant deals principally with the philosophical side of the question, and whilst the chronicler of the forty-first *faustical* of the Académie française introduces his readers to boudoir-life and to the ladies who sat for Fragonard, Watteau, and Boucher, M. Desnoiresterres holds a middle position between them. He is extremely fond of anecdotes, as his four volumes on Voltaire sufficiently prove; but he selects them with care, and works them into a much better narrative, so far as style goes, than the affected, over-brilliant pages of M. Arsène Houssaye. On the other hand, he does not neglect to generalize from the facts which he collects so assiduously, nor is he satisfied with the merely gossiping side of history. The volume he now gives us on Gluck and Piccini treats of one of the most singular controversies of the eighteenth century; and it shows to what an extent that feverish longing for excitement had grown which manifested itself *à propos* of a debate on the merits of two musicians, before it found its full development in the stormy scenes of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention. The late revival of *Orfeo* and of *Alceste* at the French Opera has naturally directed public attention once more to the genius of Gluck, and has suggested inquiries a copious answer to which will be found in the entertaining volume of M. Desnoiresterres.

Music leads us to the fine arts generally, and particularly to the second and very much improved edition of M. Charles Lévêque's *Science du Beau*.† We noticed the work when it first came out, and we have now to speak of the alterations introduced by the author. The part relating to the theory of the ideal, although remaining substantially the same as it was originally, has been revised, and put in a more popular form. The psychology of laughter also deserves mention, because this part of the book is to a great extent new. The question itself had hitherto been only very imperfectly examined, and few philosophers had thought it worth investigation. The remarks offered by M. Lévêque in his first edition were of so suggestive a character that they at once excited considerable notice, and were criticized with much spirit by MM. Dumont and Francisque Bouillier. To their objections M. Lévêque made a reply which was published eleven years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is now reprinted as a part of the chapter to which it belongs, and will no doubt be read with much curiosity. The second division of the work, treating of the relations between God and nature, presents likewise considerable additions. M. Lévêque had previously assumed the existence of the Deity as sufficiently demonstrated, and had argued from it as from a universally acknowledged truth. But the recent development of sceptical tendencies of the most extreme character has convinced our author that a fresh statement of sound views on theodicy would not be out of place; he has therefore added to his work a long essay originally read before the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, and subsequently published under the title *La Science de l'Invisible* in M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine*. Finally, in his chapters on painting and on music M. Lévêque has availed himself of the recent works of Professor Helmholtz.

M. Picot's *Histoire des États-généraux*‡ was composed as an answer to the programme set by the French Institute in the year 1866, and the four bulky volumes of which it consists give us the most satisfactory and exhaustive discussion of the subject we have as yet seen. The history of the States-General has a special interest at the present time, when the question is once more raised about the best form of government for France, and it is well worth while to study it from the political as well as from the historical point of view. The problem suggested by the terms of the programme is this:—Has the French nation ever seriously attempted to govern itself, and to what cause should we ascribe the fact that its efforts to obtain a free government were so slow? The various meetings of the States-General held from time to time certainly show on the part of the nation a desire for constitutional freedom; and though the results of these meetings were outwardly abortive, are we to conclude that the failure was complete, and that no good was really accomplished? M. Picot observes that the system of the States-General has been attacked by two distinct classes of adversaries, equally anxious to force history into the mould of their theories, though in opposite directions. Some persist in saying that previously to 1789 France had no real political existence, and they absolutely refuse to take into account the institutions of the country during the ante-

* *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*. Publiée par Madame H. C. Paris: Hetzel.

† *La Science du Beau*. Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Henri Regnault, sa vie et son œuvre*. Par H. Cazalis. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *De la Physiologie générale*. Par Claude Bernard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *Gluck et Piccini*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: Didier.

† *La Science du Beau*. Par Charles Lévêque. Deuxième édition. Paris: Durand.

‡ *Histoire des États-généraux considérés au point de vue de leur influence sur le gouvernement de la France*. Par G. Picot. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

revolutionary epoch. Others, on the contrary, date the ruin of France from that epoch, and from the depths into which they fancy themselves to be sunk they look back with regret to a past fraught with blessings which our own age is never destined to enjoy. The history of the French States-General, M. Picot contends, is a complete refutation of both these extreme views, and it would not be difficult to show that the Revolution of 1789 was simply the last expression of grievances which had been stated over and over again for centuries. The great cause for regret is that these assemblies should never have occupied a recognized place in the institutions of the country. They existed for the purpose of giving utterance to the wishes and complaints of the people, but their power went no further; and the idea of representative government is still so alien to the political habits of the French nation that since the storming of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, there have only been thirty-seven years during which our neighbours admitted such a form of government as the one which presents the best guarantees for security and order. M. Picot not only gives an account of the various meetings of the States-General since 1355, but he examines all the *cahiers* of grievances, describes the reforms introduced in the different branches of the administration, and finishes by taking a general survey of the results accomplished by all the political assemblies which were held in France before the reign of Louis XVI. A series of tabular *résumés* and a very copious index complete the work.

M. Maxime du Camp's third volume on Paris* introduces us to the gloomiest part of his subject; the police, the prisons, the criminal population, and the guillotine form the topics of his latest researches, and the facts thus brought under our notice, together with the reflections they suggest, read like a bitter commentary on the terrible events of last year. Our author begins by stating that half the population of Paris are thieves, for he comprises in that category not only cut-throats and pickpockets, but ladies who smuggle lace under their crinolines, and functionaries who appropriate to their personal use the pens and paper which they ought to spend exclusively in the service of the administration or office in which they hold a situation. The details given by M. Maxime du Camp, the episodes of criminal life which occur so plentifully throughout his volume, are of the most painful interest; they reveal a form of society so startling that to timid people it must be a comfort to remember the energetic *surveillance* exercised continually by the police. Whilst describing the present state of things, he carefully compares it with what existed in days gone by; thus he gives us curious particulars on the old Parliament of Paris, the Châtelet, the Tournelle, *lettres de cachet*, &c. His chapter on fallen women paints in its true colours the denizens of the *demi-monde*, and shows what are the creatures for whose sake young men of good family and social position consent to ruin themselves and to bear the disreputable appellation of *petits-crévés*. A series of important *pièces justificatives* terminates the book.

M. Ruchet has written a book† for the purpose of defending revealed religion against the attacks of science. Passing in review the various branches of human knowledge, he endeavours to prove that the conclusions arrived at by philosophers are far from having the character of certainty which is so generally claimed on their behalf, and consequently that, taking the most favourable view of science, it has nothing to oppose to Christianity. But this is only a negative apology for our religion, and M. Ruchet further contends that Christianity has the advantage of presenting solutions of difficulties which science can never succeed in clearing up.

The series of volumes on universal history published by Messrs. Hachette has recently been enriched by an excellent contribution of Dr. Hoefler‡ on the progress of physics and chemistry. The author examines successively all the properties of matter, and notices the ideas entertained of them at several epochs by the most distinguished philosophers. The instruments and other means employed to study the applications of natural law are carefully described, and, as Dr. Hoefler comes down to our own times, we can see how far we are indebted to our predecessors for the present state of science. The second division of the volume is devoted to an account of chemistry; here the field is perhaps still more interesting, for we have to deal with alchemy, the transmutation of metals, the philosopher's stone, and all the vain fancies from which was evolved by slow degrees the wonderful science identified with the names of Lavoisier, Thénard, Davy, Faraday, &c. The book is a valuable *résumé* of the history of scientific investigation.

Count de Gabriac's *impressions de voyage* § take us over a great deal of ground, for China, Japan, San Francisco, and New York are the principal stations in his journey. He writes, as he professes to do, in the spirit of a humourist, but he does not yield to the temptation of giving us either questionable jokes or prejudiced views of the countries which he visits, and there is much information to be gathered from his amusing pages. Eight engravings illustrate the work, and the author has added likewise the music of several Oriental melodies.

* *Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie.* Par Max. du Camp. Vol. 3. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *La Science et le Christianisme; étude.* Par L. Ruchet. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Histoire de la Physique et de la Chimie.* Par F. Hoefler. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Course humoristique autour du monde.* Par le comte de Gabriac. Paris: Lévy.

Two more volumes on the Commune are now before us. The one for which we are indebted to the labours of MM. Bourloton and Robert* describes chiefly the ideas which form the programme of the new revolutionists, and traces them back to their antecedents in the middle ages. The other, by M. Maillard, is a list, unfortunately too incomplete, of the *affiches*†, or bills, posted on the walls of Paris during the reign of MM. Raoul Rigault, Assi, and Felix Pyat. The professions of faith, circulars, and proclamations of every kind collected in this duodecimo are most interesting, but M. Maillard has not given us half the materials which exist on the subject; and his new volume, like the one he published some months ago on the revolutionary press, requires to be thoroughly revised.

* *La Commune, et ses idées à travers l'histoire.* Par E. Bourloton et E. Robert. Paris: Baillière.

† *Affiches, etc., pendant la Commune.* Par F. Maillard. Paris: Dentu.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND ARCHERY MEETING.
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A permanent Loan Exhibition of Objects of Natural History, or Trophies, and of the Apparatus of Sport, is to be formed in a suitable part of the Crystal Palace, and the owners or possessors of such objects shown on the present occasion are solicited to allow them afterwards to form part of the permanent collection.

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A Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen, distinguished for scientific attainments, will award the Prizes, which will consist of a Gold Medal of Honour, Certificates of Merit, and in Division III. of Money Prizes. (See Schedule, Div. III., Game Birds.) All communications to be addressed to Mr. F. W. Wilsor, Natural History Department, Crystal Palace, from whom every information can be obtained.

By order,
G. GROVE, Secretary.

THE OFFICE OF SECRETARY AND TREASURER to the BANK OF BENGAL, CALCUTTA, having become vacant, Applications for the appointment by Letter, addressed to "THE COMMITTEE OF SELECTION," will be received by Messrs. COYNE & CO., the Bank's London Agents, up to the 1st August next.

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